The Bys nder, October II, 1905

Each Number of "The Bystander" cont
AN ACCIDENT INSURANCE POLICY FOR 000

Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

The BYSTANDER.

No. 97.—Vol. VIII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, October II, 1905 [With Supplement, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo by LONDO. ng Irish Peer and all-round sportsman *Lafayette*

Lady SUND STREET, LEEDS.

pprenticeship as a sportswoman with the Biarritz Hounds. She is
hunt the Ardee country adjoining her beautiful home, Louth Hall

No. 97.—Vol. VIII

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short, witty sketches and episodes, rather than stories, of a bright, crisp, and epigrammatic nature, of about 1,000 to 1,500 words in length, are the only kind of fiction that is wanted, and preference is given to that which is light and amusing. News and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone Number is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

Amusements

THE COLISEUM. CHARING CROSS.

THREE PERFORMANCES DAILY, at 3 o'clock, 6 o'clock, and 9 o'clock. The 6 o'clock programme is entirely different from that at 3 and 9 o'clock. All seats in all parts are numbered and reserved. Stamped addressed envelopes should accompany all postal applications for seats.

Prices: Boxes, £2 2*s.*, £1 11*s.* 6*d.*, and £1 1*s.*; Fauteuils, 10/6 and 7/6; Stalls, 5/-, 4/-, 3/-, and 2/- (Telephone No. 7689 Gerrard); Grand Tier, 1/-; Balcony, 6*d.* (Telephone No. 7699 Gerrard). Children under twelve half price to all Fauteuils and Stalls. Telegrams: "Coliseum, London."

BOOKS RECEIVED

NOVELS

"On Company's Service." By Pett Ridge. (Hodder and Stoughton: 5*s.*)

"The Tsar's Spy." By William Le Queux. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*)

"For Love of Her." By Guy Boothby. (Ward, Lock: 5*s.*)

"Lone Marie." By W. E. Norris. (Macmillan: 6*s.*)

"The Black Spaniel." By Robert Hichens. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"The Motor Cracksman." By Charles Carey. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)

"A Specimen Spinster." By Kate Westlake Yeigh. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)

"The Love Child." By T. B. Clegg. (Lane: 6*s.*)

GENERAL LITERATURE

"London Statistics, 1904-1905." Issued by the London County Council. (P. S. King and Son: 5*s.*)

"Beautiful Bulbous Plants." By John Weathers, F.R.H.S. (Simpkin, Marshall and Co.: 6*s.*)

"Osrac, the Self-sufficient." (Poems.) By J. M. Stuart Young. (The Hermes Press: 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Quiet Hours with Nature." By Mrs. Brightwen. (Fisher Unwin: 2*s.*)

"A Yankee in Pigmy Land." By W. E. Geil. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*)

"Puddings and Sweets." By Mrs. C. S. Peel. (Constable: 1*s.* net.)

"Entrées Made Easy." By Mrs. C. S. Peel. (Constable: 1*s.* net.)

"A Rapid Review of the Life of Nelson." By C. Reid Andrew. (Pearson: 6*d.* net.)

"The Admiral: The Love Story of Lord Nelson." By Douglas Sladen. (Pearson: 6*d.*)

"The National Gallery of British Art: The Tate Gallery." (Cassell: 12*s.*)

"The Red Book of Romance." By Andrew Lang. (Longmans: 6*s.*)

"Foxy Grandpa." By Bunny. (Chambers: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Buster Brown." By John Q. Golder. (Chambers: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Nelson and the Twentieth Century." By Arnold White and E. Hallam Moorhouse. (Cassell: 5*s.* net.)

"Reminiscences of Sir Henry Hawkins (Baron Brampton)." Edited by Richard Harris, K.C. Popular Edition. (Arnold: 6*s.*)

"Mary Stuart." By F. A. Maccunn. (Methuen: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Gesta Romanorum." Edited by Charles Swan. (Routledge: 6*s.* net.)

"Marvin's Up-to-Date Travellers' Table Book." (Fisher Unwin: 1*d.*)

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER"

[illegible]—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy; in case of [illegible] light. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. per copy under the FOUR OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to [illegible] STAMP correctly [illegible] forwarded.

Random Jottings

Public spirit is infectious. Recently, a young American robbed the National City Bank, just to show how easy it is to outwit banks. And now, it is believed, the judge is going to give the young man a considerable sentence, just to show how easy it is for kind-hearted young men to stay in prison.

The recent abnormally high tides have done much damage, it is announced, to the East Coast. Indeed, at many popular sea-side resorts, shrimps' heads, orange-peel, and sandwich papers have been completely washed away, entirely changing the aspect of the fore-shore.

There is some talk of turning a portion of the great central hall of the Alexandra Palace into a winter cricket-ground. It is felt, we suppose, that many eminent cricketers, who are compelled to devote the summer months to their journalistic work, will thus have an opportunity of playing their favourite game.

Not to be outdone in this novel scheme of playing outdoor games indoors, the management of Olympia propose to transform it into a Winter Palace, where football will be played by electric light on a specially woven carpet "indistinguishable from an ordinary lawn." The players will be real players, but we trust that, as it is to be after-dinner football, an effort will be made to construct an india-rubber referee.

An inquiry recently concluded by the Lambeth Borough Council regarding the best kind of paving material for London roads has elicited the interesting fact that drivers do not much mind whether they go over granite, wood, or macadam. The fact is, anything flat will do. What drivers do object to traverse is a combination of cross-beams, granite blocks, crevasses, pails of tar, and Borough Council employés picnicing among the débris, which is the ordinary Borough Council's idea of paving material, particularly during the autumn season.

The outcry for corridor carriages, as the best means of safeguarding passengers during a railway journey, does not, we understand, meet with entire approval in official quarters. As a thoughtful railway manager has pointed out, a man who chose to run amuck might hurt more people in a corridor train than he would in a single compartment.

We agree with the old lady who writes us to say that she has often thought of stopping the train to tell the engine-driver he was going too fast, that the difficulties in connection with pulling the communication cord ought to be removed. She suggests that the penalty for improper use should be reduced to five shillings, as one could then pull the cord as soon as ever one thought anything readful was going to happen.

Those Free Books

Oh, Reader, have you seen the "ad."
And read it thoughtfully?
"The cheapest book-club in the world!
It's absolutely free!!

"You get the books before the scent
Of ink has died away!
No finger-marks!! No pages torn!!!
No labels!!!! No delay!!!!!

"You get your books for nothing!
For the threepence that you pay
Brings you the *Times*; so you can throw
Your *Daily Wail* away!!

"You get your *Times* for nothing!
For the threepence that you pay
Entitles you, oh, Happy Man,
To nineteen books a day!!

"Your *Times* is free! Your books are free!!"
That's plainly to be seen:
And yet, they seem to want your cheque
For just £3 18*s.*!!

An Unnecessary Advertisement

Hobbies for Husbands

By FRANK RICHARDSON

Girls, it is a mistake to suppose that it is absolutely necessary to give up being in love directly you are married. Of course, it is hard to love a lord and master as much as the sycophantic slave who told you over and over again that he was entirely unworthy of your affection; who said, perhaps on bended knee, that it was incredible to him that so perfect a creature as yourself could possibly care for so worthless a being as he. If you are really anxious to remain in love with your husband, even after marriage, it is a wise plan to arrange for him to have a hobby. He will agree with you, but in all probability he will want the hobby to be himself. Husbands are terribly human.

Of course, your idea is that you shall be the hobby, and if you can convince him that this is a sound scheme, all will be well. (The chances are a million to one against your pulling it off.) The prudent wife will induce her husband to select some form of occupation which, if it does not increase his wife's attractiveness, at least will not detract from it. The habit of giving house-parties is to be advised only to those husbands who are good hosts If a man eats peas with a knife, or talks about radium, or gets drunk in the drawing-room, he will not be well advised to spend much money on entertaining; he will be a failure as a host.

Alfred Shrubb

The famous runner, who has been suspended by the Southern Committee of the Amateur Athletic Association for "malpractices in connection with athletics," this terrible wording being the A.A.A.'s method of declaring that Shrubb has been guilty of receiving "expenses" in connection with his attendance at race meetings. Shrubb holds all the amateur records from 1½ to 11 miles

Any form of hobby which involves a lengthy absence from home has advantages which are palpable to the meanest intelligence. And yet there are hundreds of husbands who fail to see them.

Under this heading come shooting, fishing, and golfing. An attendance at Continental race meetings is good, provided it does not impoverish the household.

Borrowing money is not a bad habit, in some respects. It tends to alienate the husband's friends, and drives him back into the society of his wife. So Shakespeare was wrong. Borrowing does *not* dull the edge of husbandry.

To put money into theatrical speculations is a good thing for the husband. It opens his mind, and if matters come to a crisis, the fact that he was "mixed up with theatrical people" is certain to produce sympathy for the wife. Few women—few married women at least—can be really happy without a certain amount of sorrow.

Some husbands, who have taken the precaution to marry wealthy wives, write plays. Up to a certain point, much may be said in favour of this hobby. It certainly takes the man away from home, and detains him at Bohemian Clubs into the small hours of the morning. But a man who has once had a play produced becomes impossible as a conversationalist. When he is not talking about himself and his "works," his anguish becomes painful even for the least sympathetic wife to witness. Do you think

(*Continued on page 58*)

A foul in the making

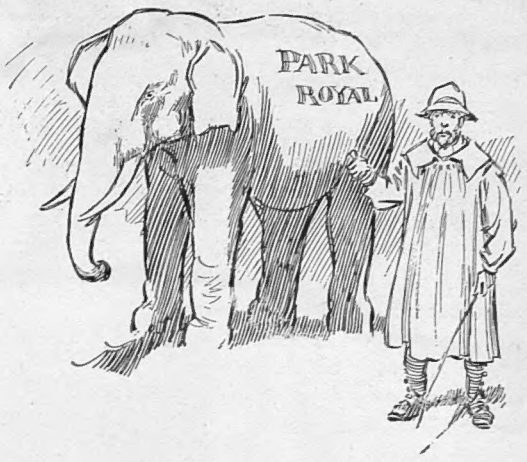
Photographed during Saturday's football match between Brentford and Fulham. The game was remarkable for the number of fouls, the whistle being blown every few minutes, and one of them is shown above. Otherwise, the m was fairly fast and exciting. The two goals which secured victory for Fulham were made in about two minutes, at the close of the game, aft spectators had put it down as a draw, and were leaving the field

The Topictator

Mr. Bystander advises Mr. Bull

"You'll want a Gamlin, four Stoddarts, a couple of Oughtreds, and eight assorted Sammy Woods's to beat them, John"

"Excellent advice, Sir, excellent! Now tell me where to find them?"



A White Elephant

At a recent meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society the abandonment of Park Royal was proposed

A GOOD IDEA

GERMANY (*according to Prince von Bülow*): "Let's all be goot frendts. Vat you tink?"

Knights of the Road

(*A Postman recently overpowered and drove off a masked highwayman who attacked him*)

SHADE OF DICK TURPIN: "Good lack! the gentry of the road have sadly deteriorated since the days when I held up a whole mail coach"

The Russian newspaper, *Sin Otetchestva*, says in effect:—

"Please, Mr. Stead, may I consider you as an ordinary mortal? I've a lovely article I want to publish, slanging you and your doings"

that the wife of a playwright is allowed to talk about *foulard* and *surah*, and appendicitis and zibelline, and under-housemaids and second footmen, and other subjects dear to the perfect woman? If you do, you are wrong. She is not allowed to talk at all; but, by Jove, she is compelled to listen; and more women have died of listening than of broken hearts. (It may be that if a woman cannot break silence her heart automatically breaks.)

Any form of literary work is bad for a husband, unless, of course, he gets well paid for it; then it is a good scheme to let him have a room for the purpose—the box-room will do. Even if your husband is making £10,000 a year as a novelist, don't let him have a superb room, furnished with rare etchings, costly tapestries, and fascinating *bibelots*. These things will tend to distract his attention from his work. And the harder he works, the better for you. Don't deliberately point this out to him, but say, slightingly but lovingly, "It's very hard, isn't it, George, or Rider, or Anthony, or Hall (or whatever your husband's name is), that you shouldn't be making the income of a leading tenor or a comic lion. Now get back to the box-room, dear old man."

A pretty and novel pose

Adopted by Miss Margaret Hamilton, of the Gaiety Theatre

Games of skill, such as chess or dominoes, are good for the husband, provided he does not insist on his wife playing too. It is terrible to play chess. It is revolting to play dominoes. But I can imagine nothing more terrible than a woman having to play either of these games with her own husband. Backgammon is just as horrid.

Stamp-collecting is not a bad thing in its way. But you will have a pretty poor time if your husband brings philatelists home to dinner. When three-cornered Cape of Good Hope talk is going on over the walnuts and the wine, it is scarcely worth while to pay extra for being present.

I should hesitate to map out any scheme which would purport to suit all husbands. There are husbands *and* husbands. Some are even worse—some wear whiskers.

If your husband wears whiskers, make a point of fastening some straw in them before he leaves for business in the morning.

He will not return.

Don't advertise for him.

They will treat him very kindly where he is.

FRANK RICHARDSON.

When Feeling Runs High: How a crime in the eyes of fox-hunters was avenged

A Romantic Marriage

LORD MALDEN CARRIES OFF HIS BRIDE IN A MOTOR-CAR

A Motor Elopement

The runaway motor match has at last come upon us. Viscount Malden, the twenty-one year old son of the Earl of Essex, selected it as his method of accomplishing marriage with Miss Eveline Freeman, the daughter of Mr. R. Stewart Freeman, J.P., D.L., of the Old Manor House, Wingrave, Bucks. Unbeknown to any human soul — far less the parents of the young couple —the venturesome Viscount appeared in his motor outside the gates of the Old Manor House at six o'clock on the appointed morn a week or so ago. Three sharp calls from his motor-horn, and Miss Freeman suddenly appeared, boarded the car, and the two sped swiftly, and as silently as possible, through sleeping villages towards Cirencester. The motor, however, somewhat spoilt itself for romantic possibilities by breaking down thrice, compelling the runaways at Oxford to take the less original train to Cirencester, where the marriage took place by special license. Why the young couple should have elected to elope must, of course, remain a mystery, for, to the outer world, theirs would appear to be a delightfully straightforward and conventional match. Lord Malden met Miss Freeman hunting with the Rothschild Staghounds in the Vale of Aylesbury, while he himself was a student at the Cirencester Agricultural College, and that the match has the full approval of their parents may be assumed by the announcement that "after the honeymoon, Lord and Lady Malden will return to Cassiobury Park, Watford, the country residence of Lord Essex." Altogether, a pretty, well-planned, and highly proper deviation from correct usage.

Photo by *J. T. Newman*

Lord Malden

From a photograph taken when he was out with the Whaddon Chase Foxhounds. It was while hunting with this pack that he met Miss Freeman

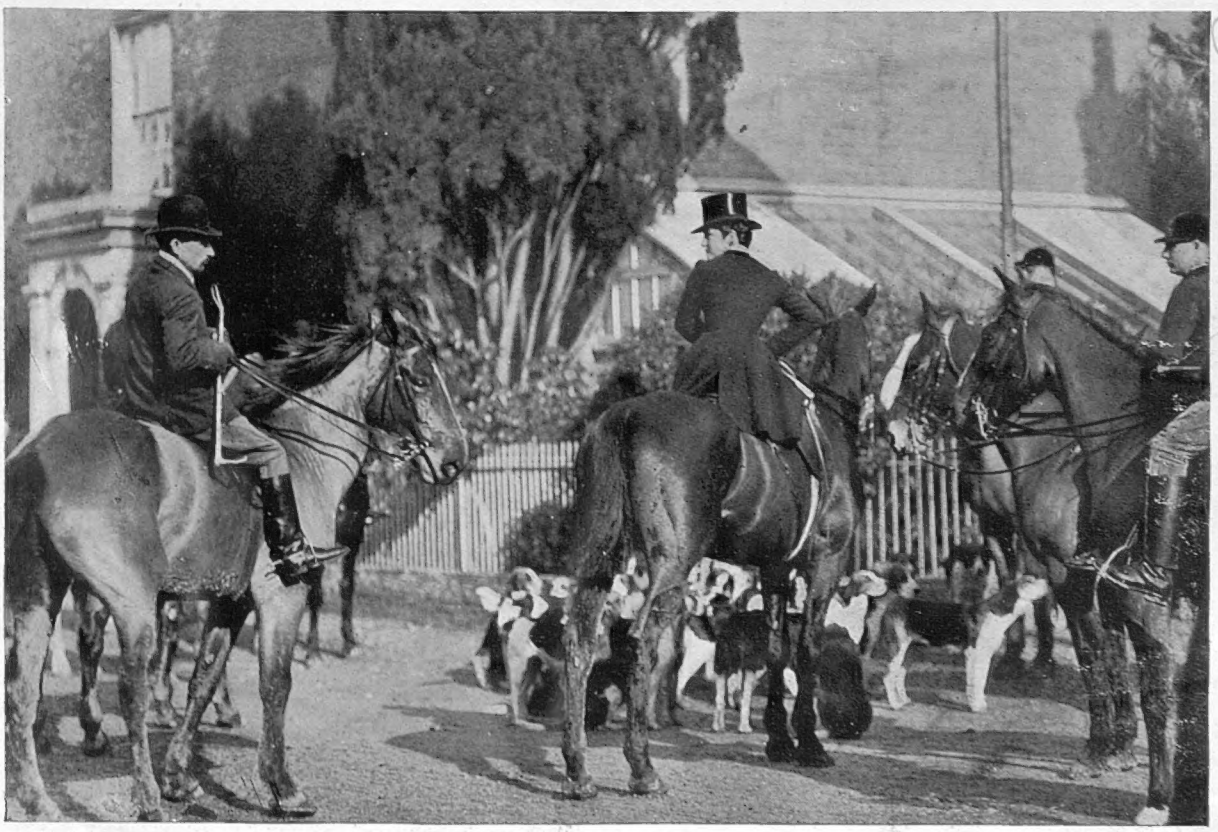


Photo by *J. T. Newman*

Lady Malden (née Mary E. Stuart Freeman)

Whose romantic marriage with Lord Malden, heir to the Earldom of Essex, attracted much attention. Lady Malden is an accomplished horsewoman, and is here shown with the Whaddon Chase Foxhounds

THE PLAYHOUSES

"HARA-KIRI" AT THE SAVOY

The new Japanese play which is being performed in front of *What the Butler Saw*, at the Savoy Theatre, starts an interesting train of thought. From the argument kindly supplied by the management, we gather it is a tragedy of the deepest dye. Yet *Hara-Kiri* leaves us almost helpless from the efforts to overcome the gusts of merriment raised by the performance. At first we are impressed by the vast difference between the canons of dramatic art of two countries. What is tragedy to one people is comedy to another. *Hara-Kiri* made an English audience almost forget their manners. The fact that it was difficult, even with the aid of the argument, to follow the story of the play, was not wholly responsible for this strange state of affairs.

Photo by *Play Pictorial*

"Hara-Kiri"

New Jap drama at the Savoy

Making Allowances

Acting is an art which can be appreciated by those who have no knowledge of the language of its exponents. The facial play of the actor, his gestures, the tones of his voice, afford sufficient clues to the comprehension of his meaning. Many a playgoer, with no more knowledge of French than is derived from the tuition at an English public school, has wept with Sarah Bernhardt and smiled with Réjane. Yet so different are the methods of the Japanese players at the Savoy from those to which we are accustomed, that their scowling faces, strange exaggerated gait, and guttural tones, appeal to the English observer as irresistibly funny. The intelligent observer casts about for a solution of this mystery. His cogitations may run on some such lines as these: "I must make the utmost allowance for differences of stage method, of costume, and of delivery. So when Kagekiyo, the Samurai, moves about the stage with a gait which is something between a mariner's roll and a hooligan's slouch, I must put this down to stage tradition. This walk may be stereotyped by long usage, even as our own stage villain (he of the opera cloak, the cigarette, and the patent boots) has mannerisms by which he stamps his purpose upon us. Perhaps the transpontine stage villain would be as funny to a Japanese as Kagekiyo is to us."

Allowances, too, must be made for Akoya, a beautiful geisha, who interrupts the action of the play at frequent intervals by mournful ditties to her own accompaniment upon the samisen. The lyrical is still affiliated with the dramatic art upon our own stage. The "singing chambermaid" has not altogether vanished from the boards, and what provincial manager would engage a "Little Eva" who could not dance?

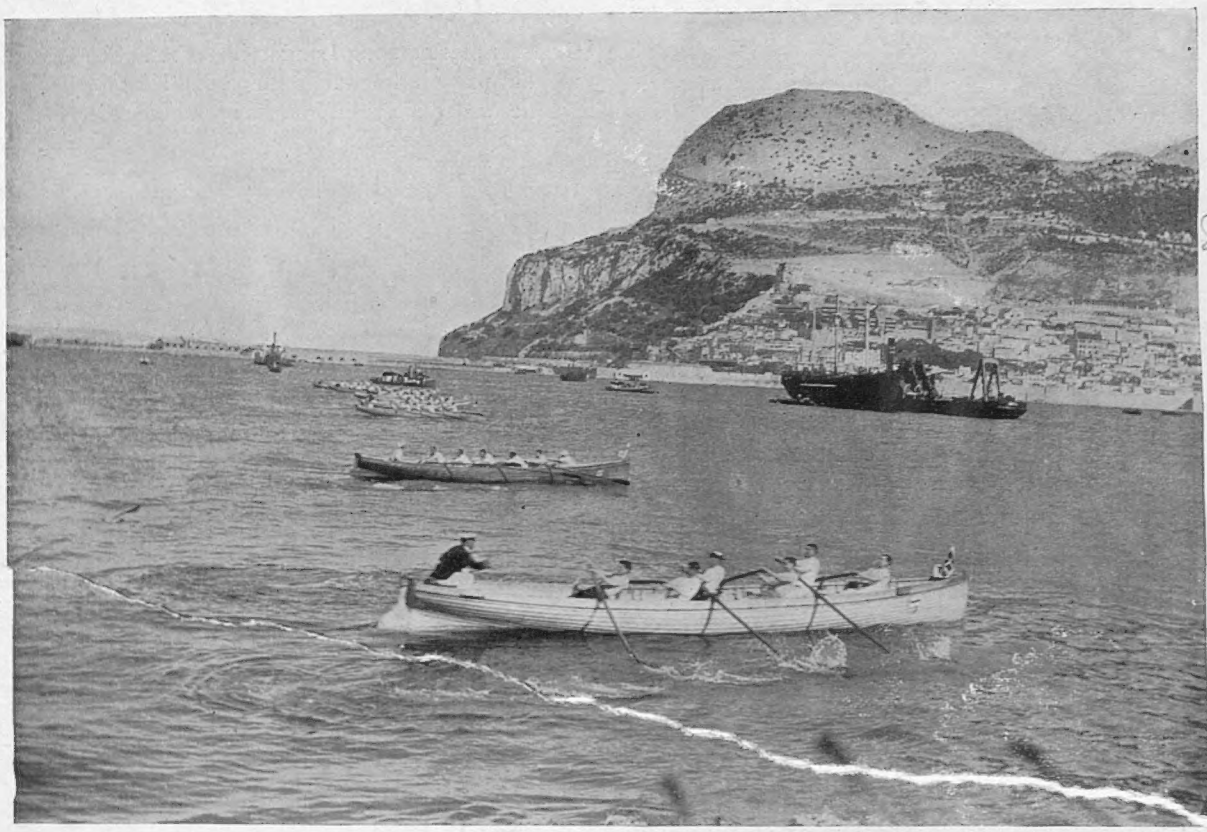
Is "Hara-Kiri" a Little Joke?

Thus does the intelligent playgoer continue to pile up allowances for his unseemly mirth at *Hara-Kiri* until he must be struck with the fact that he has delved for his excuses among the absurdities of our own melodrama. This may prove the key of the riddle. *Hara-Kiri* may represent a species of entertainment as hilarious to the modern Japanese playgoer of Tokio to-day as a "fit-up" performance of *The Worst Woman in London* might be to us. As for the acting in *Hara-Kiri*, it is difficult to believe that it represents the best that Japanese players can give us. We can recall the performances of Mme. Sadu Yacco, and, taking this accomplished actress as a standard, we are led to the supposition that the performers at the Savoy, earnest and painstaking as they may be, belong to a different order. Japanese art is not understanded of the English people all in a flash. Japanese dramatic art may be governed by canons as dissimilar; but it is difficult to shut out the suspicion that in presenting *Hara-Kiri* to an English audience as an essentially Japanese production—and by this we understand as one which represents the highest standard of Japanese dramatic art to-day—somebody has been having a little joke with us. E. C. S.

A Sporting Supplement

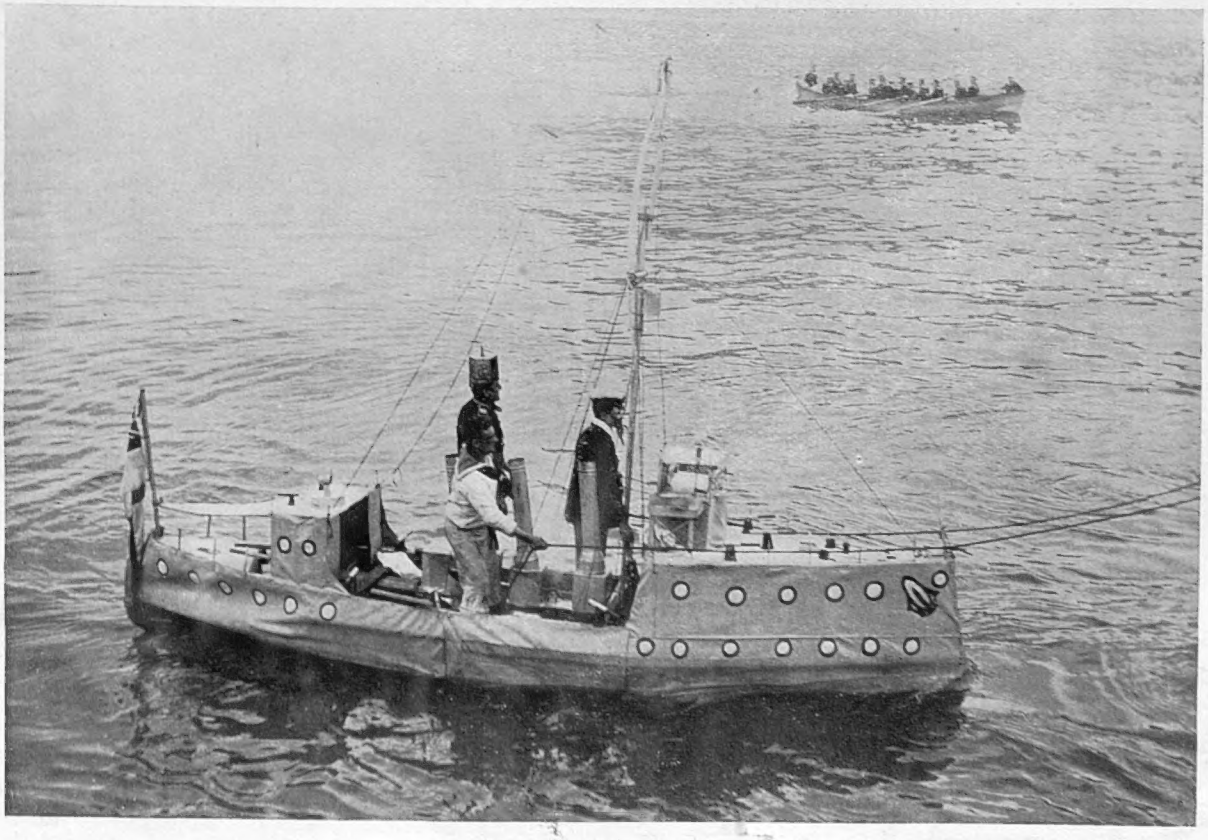
With our Hunting Number this week we present a plate as a Supplement entitled, "Forrard Away!" from an original drawing by F. A. Stewart. It is reproduced in a light brown tint, and should make an attractive addition to the gallery of plates which have been presented by THE BYSTANDER.

Fleet Regatta at "Gib."



Start for the "Fellowes' Cup"

The "Pulling Regatta" of the Atlantic Fleet was held at Gibraltar on Sept. 28 and 29. The above photograph shows the start for the above race, which resulted in a win for the *King Edward VII.*, followed by the *Magnificent* second, and the *Victorious* third



Captain Kettle in command

A humorous contribution to the affair. A copper punt is dressed up as a battleship, H.M.S. *Pathfinder*, under the command of Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne's famous skipper with a crew in costume

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

Colonial Naval Volunteers

Another act of Imperial patriotism on the part of the Cape Colony is the formation of a Cape Town Division of Naval Volunteers. Their prime object is to provide a Naval Reserve for the British Navy in case of emergency, which has been recognised by our Admiralty as full of possibilities and deserving of encouragement. H. M. sloop *Odin*, in Simon's Bay, has been placed at the disposal of the corps by the Admiralty, and the first visit took place last month. During the week, the Volunteers train in a capacious shed belonging to the Table Bay Harbour Board. Commander J. B. Lindley, C.M.G., is in command, and Mr. Herbert Penny, the Hon. Secretary.

Photo by *Hills and Saunders*

The Earl of Gifford

Eldest son and heir of the Marquis of Tweeddale, who comes of age November 4

The Duchess of Wellington

The present Duchess of Wellington, known by many people as Lady Arthur Wellesley, was, before her husband succeeded to his title, a well-known military hostess. Before her marriage, the Duchess was Miss Kathleen Bulkeley Williams. The Duchess of Wellington has only lately taken her place among London hostesses. She gave a splendid party in honour of the young King of Spain, and he was deeply interested in seeing the many relics of the Peninsular War now at Apsley House.

An Earl's Coming of Age

The coming of age of Lord Gifford, the eldest son and heir of the Marquis and Marchioness of Tweeddale, is to be celebrated with great magnificence at Yester House, his parents' splendid seat, where they have so often entertained Royal house-parties. This "elder son" will probably live to be one of the very few British peers with Italian blood in their veins, for his beautiful mother was a Signora Candida Bartolucci. Lord Gifford is a good-looking, unaffected young man, and has been very popular at Oxford. He is a keen sportsman, and is devoted to the exciting and rather dangerous amusement of chamois shooting. He has good reason to be proud of his name, for it was immortalised by Sir Walter Scott in "Marmion." Of course, the old castle which figures

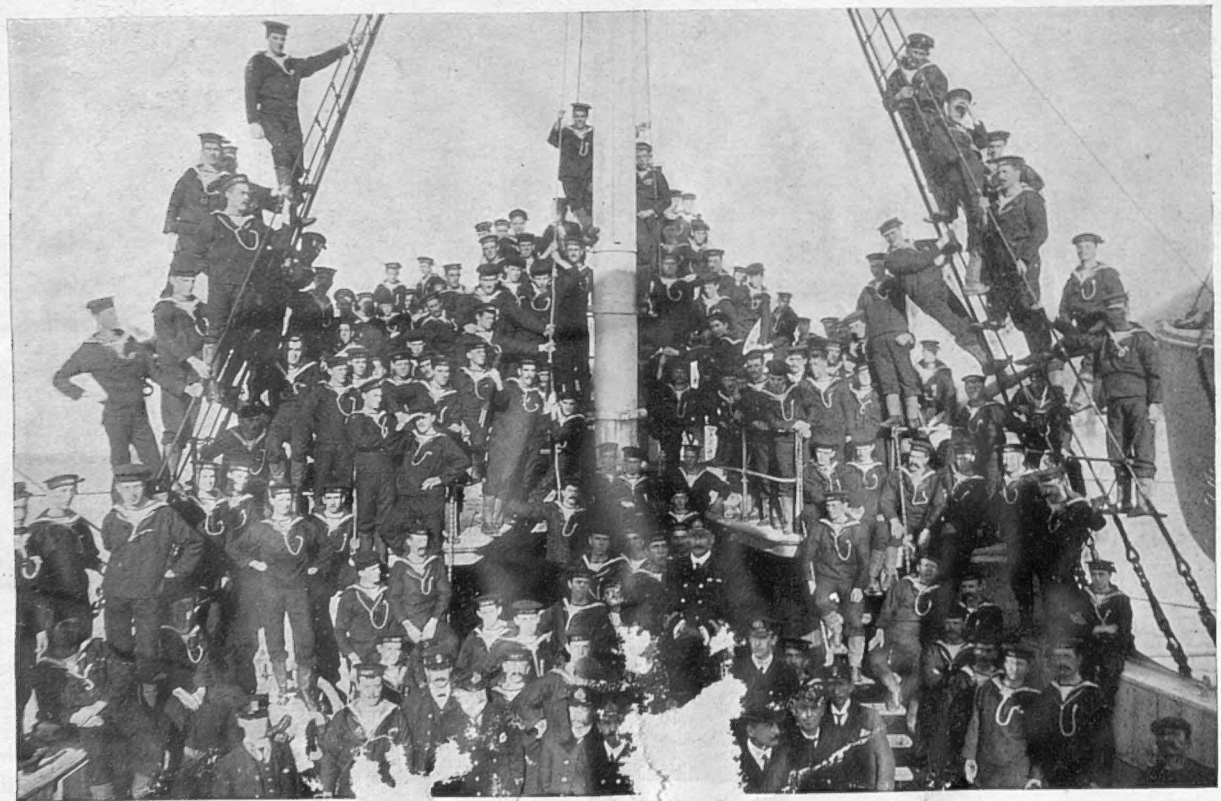


Photo by] [*Hubricht*

Naval Volunteers i[illegible]

The latest Colonial service to the Em[illegible] British [illegible], being the only Colony which [illegible]as, as yet, assisted [illegible] this manner

A Beautiful Bride

Photo by *Thomson*

Mrs. Anderson (née Florence Foster), seco[illegible]r of Mr. and Mrs. [illegible]nd Foster, of Clewer Manor

Clewer, the pretty suburb of Windsor, was *en* [illegible] last [illegible] for this wedding. T[illegible] is Mr. Stew[illegible] Anderson, son of the late Colon[illegible] Anderson, of Earlywood, [illegible]

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Shakespeare Sows Strife

The Dairy Show

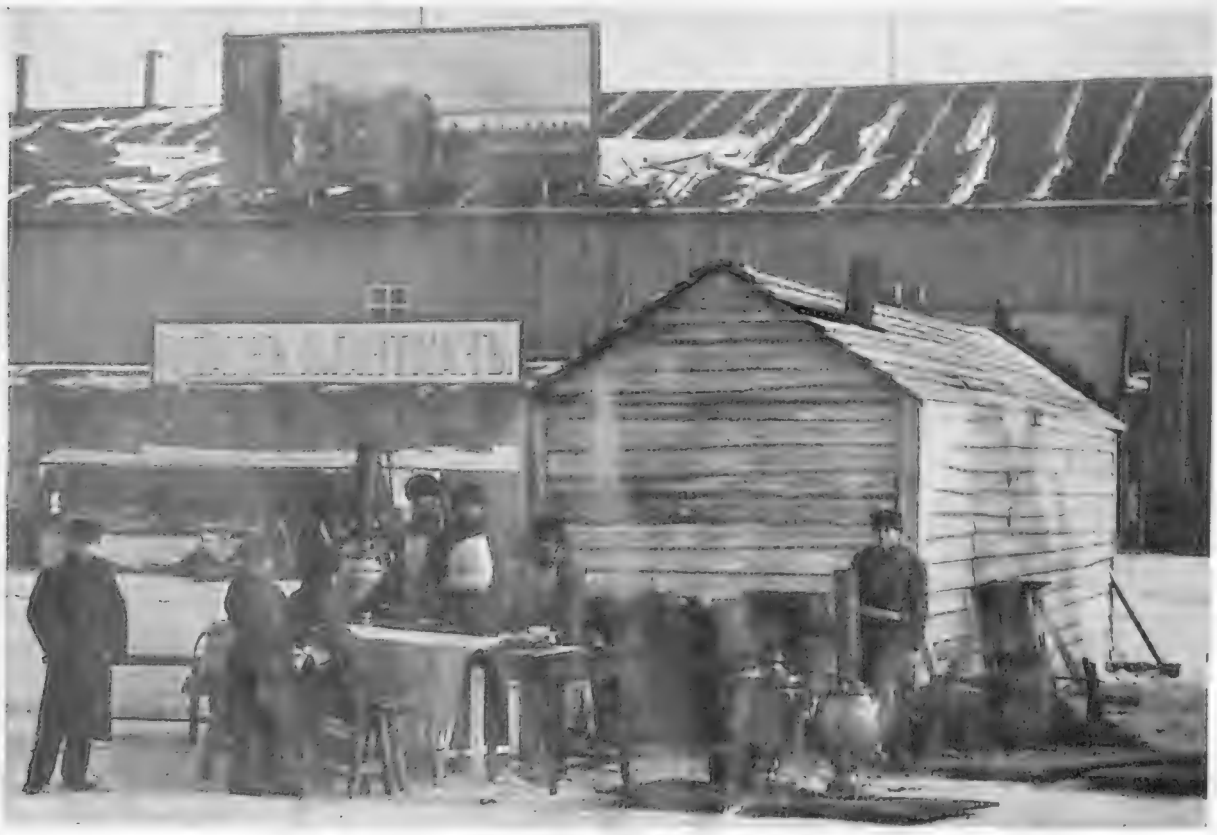
The Dairy Show at the Agricultural Hall has proved a great success. Its fascinations are well known to the thrifty housewife, who would not willingly miss the opportunity of seeing the experiments in butter-making and cream-separating, to say nothing of the quantity of free samples to be obtained when one knows the ropes. The work of milking and butter-making, again, remains to this day woman's province, for all the wiles of mechanism have not yet found a substitute for the milkmaid. Interesting features of the Show were the milking and butter-making contests, for which the enormous majority of competitors were women. The Show has, too, been of a more Imperial character than heretofore, showing how much of our butter comes from Canada, Australasia, New Zealand, and Ireland. £2,000 has been given in prizes, of which Lord Rothschild took three of the first class for cows and a silver medal for a red-polled bull. Earl Cadogan took a first for Jersey heifers, and the Baroness Burdett-Coutts two prizes for she-goats Amongst the other exhibitors were the Duke of Devonshire, the Duchess of Newcastle, the Duchess of Abercorn, Countess de la Warr, Earl Radnor, Lord Burnham, Lord Deerhurst, Admiral Brand, the Right Hon. Ailwyn Fellowes, and Lord Hindlip.

Shylock Causes Trouble

Mr. Arthur Bourchier has spoken the foreword concerning his forthcoming production of *The Merchant of Venice*. We are to see a Shylock shaken with passion, with vengeful feelings overriding even his avarice—a rendering of the rôle for which the actor acknowledges his indebtedness to the great Shakespearean critic, Dr. Brandes. We are promised, too, an uproarious Trial Scene, Mr. Bourchier remarking, justly enough, that even to-day the excitability of the Italian temperament is responsible for amazing scenes in Courts of Law, opposing lawyers carrying on a heated verbal warfare, to which judge, jury, and even the prisoner himself, add their quota. But the trouble mentioned in the heading of this paragraph does not concern Mr. Bourchier, for whose latest enterprise we wish all smoothness and success, but the manager of the local theatre at Romny (Poltava). Wishing to discover what Shakespeare spelt, he put up *The Merchant of Venice*. But he did not reckon with the racial prejudices of his audience. Incensed at the light in which Shylock appears in the play, the audience boycotted the theatre, and extorted from the unfortunate manager a promise that he would produce no plays in which the Jews appeared to so *little* advantage.

Joseph and His Brethren

The management of the Coliseum is to be congratulated upon the success which has attended a very delicate enterprise—the staging of a scriptural play. It would be interesting to trace the gradual destruction during the last decade of the ban which has kept religious subjects from the boards of the English theatre. *The Sign of the Cross* did much to dissipate old prejudices. Not only did it



Of interest to Mr. Bourchier

The Russian theatre at Romny, Poltava, the manager of which has been compelled to withdraw *The Merchant of Venice* because the local Jews resented its reflection on their race

A New Trotting Course for Londoners

Start for the Esher Grand Prize

Imber Court, near Molesey, has been taken over by a company for trotting races. The second meet took place last week, when the above-named race was won by Mr. E. Morris's "Speculator." It is a one mile contest; first prize, solid silver articles worth seventy-five guineas, and fifty per cent. of the entry fees

Claiming a Foul

The jockey of Mr. H. Joyce's "Blackbird" objects to the running of Mr. J. Carter's "Annie Bellini" in the third heat for the Esher Prize, which was won by the latter

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OUR SHORT STORY

The Scapegoat

By CHARLES THONGER

"Poor woman. It is a sad case," said the Rev. James Belstead, tapping his egg and eyeing it suspiciously.

His wife looked at him dutifully across the breakfast table.

She was a little, faded woman, who always listened to her husband with an air of profound admiration. Somehow the expression of humble wonderment with which she favoured his smallest remark gave her the appearance of someone who was watching a particularly brilliant conjuring trick. It was as though gold pieces were dropping from his mouth as he spoke.

"As you say, dear James, it is a sad case—a very sad case. I hardly know what should be done."

Mr. Belstead crunched a piece of toast.

"It is quite certain that steps must be taken in the matter," he said. "Mrs. Collins's life is being made unbearable."

"Indeed, it can be little else," agreed his wife, carefully avoiding any suggestions.

Her husband frowned and turned the subject.

"When was this egg laid?" he demanded sternly.

Mrs. Belstead became flustered.

"My dear, isn't it fresh? I feel sure—that is, I got up early and picked it out of the nest myself. I know how sensitive you are."

Mr. Belstead grunted something incoherent, and pushed his plate away.

"The hens do lay stale eggs sometimes, I am afraid," argued his wife, timidly. "I will ring the bell and have another boiled."

"No, I can live without eggs," he replied, curtly, and rising from the table walked to the window.

It was a bright summer morning, and the view which met his eyes was particularly charming. A stretch of cool, green turf, dotted with rose beds, formed a pleasant foreground. Beyond, a carefully trimmed yew hedge, pierced with archways, divided the flower garden from the fruit and vegetable departments, these again being skirted by a rustic fence over which honeysuckle and other climbers scrambled luxuriantly. On this particular morning, however, the rector's gaze was not directed to any of these delectable objects, but was fastened upon a small thatched cottage, the chimney of which rose somewhat aggressively behind a clump of lilac bushes.

From its close proximity to the rectory garden, most people would have supposed it was part of the property. Possibly at one time it may have been occupied by the gardener or coachman, but that was a long while ago. For some years, at any rate, the two had been quite separate, though divided by the slightest of boundaries. To the rector, the cottage occupied precisely the position of Naboth's vineyard. He would have given three times its value if only for the privilege of allowing it to remain empty.

The circumstances were peculiar.

It was not until the Belsteads had been installed for some weeks in the comfortable living of Deepham, that they discovered that their Eden contained its snake. At first it was a very diminutive creature, hardly more than a mere worm, but as time went on its proportions increased so rapidly that it soon became a veritable python. One's neighbours can either make things intensely agreeable or exactly the reverse, and to the rector the inhabitants of the little cottage beyond the border fence proved very much the reverse. Possibly an outsider would have had some difficulty in understanding wherein the nuisance—for nuisance it was—consisted. The Collins did not keep pigs, the cottage and its surroundings were always spotlessly clean, and, most important to the æsthetic eye, they did not take in washing. They were just an elderly couple living a quiet, monotonous life in a pleasant country village.

But, as we have said, the circumstances were unusual.

To be brief, Mrs. Collins possessed an invalid husband—at least, she gave out he was an invalid. As a matter of fact, no one in Deepham had seen him. Perhaps it was as well, for had William Collins shown his face outside the ivy-covered doorway of his humble abode, he would certainly have been received with black looks. It was a strange thing that a man who never appeared in public, and who was not known to exchange a word with anyone but his long-suffering wife, should be so universally disliked. But William Collins, like many other invalids, possessed an exceedingly bitter tongue, and what was perhaps remarkable considering his position, a perfect genius for collecting tit-bits of scandal about everybody.

The Collins's cottage stood well back from the road, and, except from the rectory side, enjoyed a privacy which might be envied by the possessor of a far more pretentious dwelling. Passers-by occasionally caught a glimpse of the old man through the screen of scarlet geraniums which blocked most of the light out of the lattice windows. Those who had seen him declared that he had a particularly uncanny appearance, in fact "Old Willum" was generally regarded by the youth of Deepham as a species of ogre. On one point everyone was agreed, namely, that Sarah Collins was a noble woman to put up with him. For she, poor thing, was the unwilling mouthpiece of his scurrilous remarks, and it was through her lips that her husband's opinions on people generally became known to the world.

It happened in this way.

(All rights strictly reserved) (Continued on page 74)

A Japanese Paradise

The beautiful Waterfall in Mino Park, Kobe

The great pleasure resort of thousands of Japanese. At this time of year, the maple trees are seen at their best, the leaves assuming the most beautiful red-gold and variegated colours. Special trains are run to the park by the railway companies, and by this means Mr. Jap, Mrs. Jap, and the little Japs, are able to enjoy happy day-trips, taking their food with them

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(Continued from page 74)

Mr. Belstead laid down his *sécateurs* and dabbed his forehead. He was horrified to think that anyone in Deepham knew anything of his son, whom he had forbidden ever to enter his house. The boy had been sent down from his university on account of a series of peccadilloes, which, it is only fair to say, are committed by hundreds who have the good fortune not to be found out. Mr. Belstead's immaculate nature, however, recoiled at the bare idea of wildness in anyone connected with himself. It was a stigma which could only be purged by the disowning of the offender, and this he had promptly done. Still it required considerable strength of mind to continue his occupation whilst these unpleasant home-truths were being freely discussed in his hearing. Perhaps it would be as well to provide Mrs. Collins with a pair of spectacles. Had she been able to see that he was within earshot, she would, doubtless, have quickly retired into the cottage.

"The fact is," said Sarah, addressing her husband through the open door, "ye've got yerself into a thorough bad skin. Yer wants to believe the worst of everyone. Ye'd try the patience of a saint, ye would. Fancy sayin' as how he ill-treats his wife. Now, is it likely?—a gentleman in his position. Didn't mean it, didn't ye? Well, what did ye mean?" There was a moment's pause, and Mr. Belstead felt that things were really coming to a climax. "Only sits on her, ye say. Well, that's bad enough. 'Toad under a harrer!'—a nice thing to call the rector's lady, a toad. Shame on ye! A man must be master in his own house; it's a sure thing ye've got me well under yer thumb."

Mr. Belstead dropped the *sécateurs* into the basket and hastily rolled the raffia into a bundle. Roses or no roses, he could not stand this sort of thing. An idea had suddenly occurred to him. He hastily returned to the house, and shut himself in his study until lunch.

It was not until he had nearly finished the second course that he broached the subject to his wife.

"Maria," he said abruptly, "I have been thinking."

Mrs. Belstead forsook her cutlet and looked at him admiringly.

"Yes, dear," she said, "of course you have." In her estimation, her husband was a wonderful man, whose brain was constantly evolving brilliant schemes.

"I have carefully considered things," continued Mr. Belstead evenly, "and I have decided that I shall interview William Collins."

His wife looked alarmed.

"But, my dear," she said, "do you think it is safe?"

"There is an element of risk, certainly," admitted the rector. "But it is clearly my duty, as a clergyman, to point out to this wretched man the error and wickedness of his ways. As he is an invalid, he can hardly resort to personal violence; abuse, though extremely lowering to a man in my position, can at the worst only prove exceptionally trying."

He was careful for various reasons not to mention the conversation he had overheard during the morning.

"But he might use language—I mean swearing language," urged Mrs. Belstead uneasily. "Think how terrible that would be."

"Many good men have been sworn at before now," declared her husband, a trifle unctuously. "If I see any signs of it, I shall stop my ears."

He felt that his wife was already regarding him in the light of a hero. Therefore, though secretly dreading his self-imposed task, he endeavoured to preserve an air of perfect calmness.

"But how do you propose to manage?" asked Mrs. Belstead. "You know that Mrs. Collins is afraid to let anyone go near the house on account of the man's temper."

"I have considered that," replied her husband, loftily. "This is Saturday. Mrs. Collins does her marketing at three o'clock. She locks the front door, but I happen to know that the back entrance is left open."

"You would not dare!" cried his wife, in genuine alarm.

The rector silenced her with a wave of his hand.

"I shall watch her go out—the rest is easy," he said. "Parker will be within hail in case he is violent. You had better go to your room and stay there until it is all over."

Mrs. Belstead felt that something terrible was going to happen, and wondered whether she ought not to insist on accompanying her husband. However, she was a nervous woman, and dreaded being snubbed above all things.

"I will go and speak to Parker at once," said Mr. Belstead, thereby putting an end to further conversation. "You need not be alarmed. I shall be exceedingly cautious."

It was with mixed feelings that she watched him cross the lawn in search of the gardener. Mrs. Collins had spoken frequently of her husband's violent fits of temper and of his extreme dislike to strangers. But she had been told not to worry, and it was her duty to obey, so, having rung the bell she went up to her room, took two headache powders, and tried to go to sleep.

At a few minutes after three, the rector, from a convenient coign of vantage, watched Mrs. Collins leave the cottage with a basket on her arm. Before doing so, she carefully locked the door, and put the key in her pocket. Then she quickly disappeared from view along the road leading to the village.

The time for action had come, and Mr. Belstead, screwing his courage to the sticking point, presently found himself walking up the small garden path, which at the moment he felt he would much prefer to have been walking down.

"I hope I shall not be assaulted," he murmured to himself, as he passed stealthily to the rear of the cottage, and with trembling fingers tapped on the door. There was no answer, and, pressing the latch and peering cautiously inside, he said diffidently, "Are you at home, Mr. Collins?"

The question seemed utterly superfluous, as, of course, the old man was never anything else.

Still there was no reply, and, seeing that the little scullery was empty, he stepped gingerly inside. The door of the living room was open, and to his strained ears there came a distinct sound of someone breathing heavily. Perhaps the man was asleep, or possibly he was meditating a sudden onslaught on the intruder. However, it was too late to turn back.

Coughing, so as to announce himself becomingly, Mr. Belstead took his life in his hands, and entered the adjacent room.

Seated in a low chair by a small fire was William. He started a little, and seemed surprised at receiving a visitor, but there was nothing in his manner to indicate that he was other than peaceably inclined. Probably his morning mood had worn itself out.

He was a bent, decrepit looking person, but the reports as to his evil appearance were certainly exaggerated. If anything, he was rather pleasant looking, and his simple, kindly features, though devoid of much intelligence, were not calculated to give a true impression of his real character.

Mr. Belstead felt perplexed; he had expected something different.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Collins," he said pleasantly. "I thought that as we are such near neighbours, I should like to make your acquaintance. I already know your wife."

The old man did not reply, but opened his mouth and twisted his fingers as though at loss for something to say.

The rector was puzzled.

"I hope you are feeling better," he said encouragingly. "I rather wanted to have a chat with you."

Mr. Collins merely gaped, and pointed to his mouth as though he wished to indicate that he was suffering from toothache.

It was very extraordinary. The man must either be seriously ill or else have taken leave of his senses.

"You are not feeling well?" queried Mr. Belstead anxiously. "Perhaps I had better send someone for your wife."

Still no reply, and the rector, feeling alarmed, moved to the door, determined to seek assistance.

Mr. Collins seemed to divine his intentions, for he beckoned him to come back. The man's conduct was certainly amazing, and it was hard to believe that a few hours before he had been nagging at his wretched wife and blackguarding the whole neighbourhood, including Mr. Belstead himself.

"I don't quite know what to make of you," said the rector, halting in the doorway. "I really think I had better send for your wife."

For answer the old man fumbled in his chair and produced a small slate to which was attached a piece of pencil. Nodding his head mysteriously at his visitor, he proceeded to scrawl some letters in a shaky hand.

The rector came a little closer and watched him.

At length Mr. Collins finished writing, and turned the slate round for inspection. It contained three words only, and the spelling was a trifle irregular. Mr. Belstead read them over several times before he grasped their full import. Then he gasped, "Well, I'm blessed!"

Mrs. Collins's husband gave a faint smile of satisfaction, and, moistening his finger, rubbed out his handiwork. But to the rector's fascinated gaze, the slate still seemed to show in straggling letters the words "def and dum."

CHARLES THONGER.

UN CONTE DROLATIQUE PUZZLE: FIND THE CHAPERON

DRAWN BY HOWARD SOMERVILLE

Photo by

Major Longstaffe

Sir Gilbert Greenall (Master)

Mr. R. Rose

Ben Capell (Huntsman)

Mr. E. Chaplin

Lady Greenall

Mr. E. Fr

ONE OF THE BEST PACKS OF FOXHOU

Mr. R. Hoare
ffiths Mrs. Griffiths
Capt. Tatchell
Mr. Wilkinson
Haynes
H. J. Whitlock

IN ENGLAND: THE BELVOIR HUNT

A meet of the Croome Foxhounds at Croome Court, The Earl of Coventry's Worcestershire seat

Photos by *W. Litlock*

The North Staffordshire Hounds, of which the Earl of Huntingdon is Master

CHANGES and PROSPECTS

HINTS for the coming SEASON.

BY OUR HUNTING CORRESPONDENT

Preparing for the Opening Meet

All is bustle and activity in the hunting world. The preliminary period of cubbing, so necessary for the education of the young hounds, and, it must be added, of the young foxes as well, is nearing its end, and within less than three weeks of the appearance of these pages, most of the opening meets will have been held. All the best hunting quarters in the Shires and the most attractive provincial and Irish countries have long since been secured for the regular season, and very many of them are already occupied by those who are keen enough to go out with the hounds during cub-hunting. The hunting tailor and the dealer in horses have alike been kept at high pressure during the past few weeks, and though we are continually being warned that the grand old sport of fox-hunting is on the wane, it must be confessed that very few signs of declining interest can be detected in any direction at the present time.

Earl Fitzwilliam

An all-round sportsman, who maintains packs in Yorkshire and in Ireland. Lord Fitzwilliam's adventures in Cocos Island are still fresh in the public mind

The Chances of Sport

Whether sport will come up to the average of recent years during the ensuing season depends largely, of course, upon the weather. Granted an open winter and favourable scenting conditions, the likelihood is that it will prove a most successful season. Rarely have the reports from the different countries been more encouraging than those which have just come to hand. With very few exceptions, they tell of an abundance of foxes, of a tolerably satisfactory period of cubbing, and of the uniform excellence of young entries. Distemper wreaked sad havoc in some kennels a few months

The Quorn Kennel: The hounds at their toilet

ago, but most of those puppies which survived the ravages of this malady appear to be of good quality, and have entered most satisfactorily upon their work. Thanks to the plentiful supply of litters, the youngsters have been well blooded; but in most countries foxes have been found to be very strong and healthy and hounds have usually had to work hard for their reward.

The Quorn and Cottesmore

In surveying in detail the hunting prospects and changes, an appropriate start may be made with the Midlands, where the sport has been seen at its best since the days of Hugo Meynell. In the face of many great difficulties, Captain Burns-Hartopp has maintained the Quorn country at that high standard of excellence which has always distinguished it, and if the pack itself has suffered in any respect during recent years it has not been for the want of a capable and painstaking Master, but rather because the accommodation at the kennels has become quite inadequate and, in fact, unsuitable for the requirements of the leading packs. Everyone in the Quorn country has extended the warmest of welcomes to the new M.F.H., Captain Frank Forester, who is well known with the pack, and has the advantage of having previously served in the Mastership of Hounds, though he will certainly find the leadership of the Quorn and its hard-riding field a very different task from managing the Old Berkshire and Muskerry countries. In the Shires there are not many to beat Captain Forester in a quick thing with hounds, and his knowledge of horses hounds, kennels, stables, and all that concerns hunting, is exceptional. It will be seen, therefore, that Captain Forester's reign starts very promisingly, and the removal of the hounds into their newly erected kennels will tend to increase the chances of his success. The new buildings will probably be ready at Christmas, but Captain Forester tells me the hounds will not be moved until the end of the season, as it would be inconvenient to make the change in the middle of hunting. Lord Lonsdale, as well as the retiring Master, will give his valuable assistance to the new M.F.H., and his lordship has generously guaranteed the annual sum of £500 so long as Captain Forester remains in office. There is no alteration in the arrangements of the Cottesmore, and those who hunt with the Oakham pack are very glad that things will go on as before, for their sport has been extraordinarily good since Mr. Hanbury became the Master and Arthur Thatcher the huntsman. Many are inclined to rank Thatcher—in succession to poor Tom Firr—as the smartest huntsman of the period, and we who have seen much of his brilliant work are not disposed to contradict the Cottesmore enthusiasts.

Photo by **The Earl of Lonsdale** [*Whitlock*

A prominent follower of the Quorn Foxhounds, which ran delightfully last week after a cub on the Corrington Gorse. His lordship has guaranteed £500 a year to the pack while Captain Forester is Master

No Capping Here

No changes are to be recorded in Mr. Fernie's or the Belvoir country, into neither of which, by the way, has the capping system found its way. When the Quorn, Cottesmore, Pytchley, and Warwickshire adopted the practice of capping, it was feared that many "undesirables" would be driven into those neighbouring countries where the system was not in force, but, happily, these fears do not appear to have been realised. Sir Gilbert Greenall has found a splendid show of cubs during the early mornings

At Lord Willoughby de Broke's, Master of the Warwickshire Foxhounds

Where the Warwickshire Hounds are going to hunt five days a week this season instead of four

with the superb ducal pack, but scent has been bad. The Atherstone Hounds, with which pack Mr. J. C. Munro has proved in every way a capable successor to Mr. Gerald Hardy, go on in the same way as last season, and Mr. Hardy, who now hunts the important Meynell country, also has no change to record.

Photo by *Whitlock*

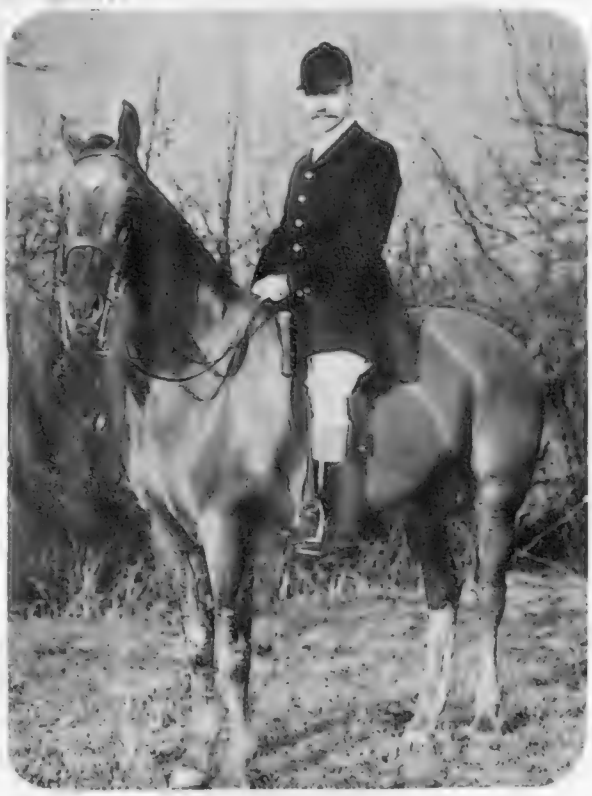
The Atherstone Hounds

Which show excellent sport under the Mastership of Mr. J. C. Munro, and last week invaded Ansley Wood to disturb a sumptuous litter of cubs

Plenty of cubs have been found by the Meynell Hounds, and they have every prospect of good sport. In the adjoining country, formerly known as the South Notts, that indefatigable sportsman, the Earl of Harrington, enters upon his twenty-third season in the Mastership. He is as keen as when he first took over the pack, goes out five or six days a week as a rule and is looking forward to a successful season. Earl Manvers is equally hopeful in the Rufford country, which is plentifully stocked with foxes.

An Extra Day for the Warwickshire

Lord Willoughby de Broke had a very difficult man to follow in his father, who raised the Warwickshire Hounds to a state of the highest perfection, but in all respects he has proved a worthy successor. The only complaint against fox-hunting in Warwickshire that has been made is that the country is not hunted often enough, farmers—who would like to see hounds over their land twice a week—in consequence suffering rather acutely from the depredations of Reynard. This season Lord Willoughby intends to attempt to remove that source of complaint by hunting five days a week instead of four. From Wheatley Wood to Gaydon is a considerable stretch to cover in one day, and in order to equalise matters the Master has resolved to give the extra day to that country, hunting it on Mondays and Saturdays. Tuesdays, as usual, will be devoted to the Shipston side, Thursdays to the Shuckburgh side, and on Fridays the Edgehills and Banbury side will be covered. Mr. J. P. Arkwright continues in the Mastership of the North Warwickshire Hounds, but they have a new huntsman in James Cockayne, who has brought a good reputation with him from the Puckeridge.



The Hon. E. Douglas Pennant

Ex-Master of the Grafton Foxhounds, whose services have gained wide regard and admiration

Lord Southampton in Office Again

A notable feature of the present season is the return to office of Lord Southampton, who is recognised as one of the best men to hounds in the kingdom, and one who possesses all those qualifications which go to make a successful M.F.H. The Hon. E. Douglas Pennant, who makes way for him in the Grafton country, had the assistance of a professional huntsman; but Lord Southampton prefers to hunt his own hounds, and though in a country like the Grafton the task is one of some magnitude, the new M.F.H. is not likely to disappoint his followers. While looking forward eagerly to Lord Southampton's term of office, the members of the Grafton Hunt do not forget the debt they owe to Mr. Douglas Pennant for the splendid way in which he hunted the country for many years, gaining the regard and admiration of all. Their gratitude to him is shortly to take the pleasant shape of a presentation. The prospects of sport are excellent in the Grafton country, a good show of foxes having been found in all parts, but owing to the want of rain the ground is very hard, and there has been little or no scent so far. But hounds have been working hard, and have accounted for a number of cubs.

Pytchley and Others

With the Pytchley, Lord Annaly has found plenty of cubs, and the prospects of sport are very good, and the same may be said of the Woodland Pytchley, for whom Mr. W. M. Wroughton has engaged a new huntsman in Tom Carr, late of the North Warwickshire. In the Bicester country Mr. J. P. Heywood Lonsdale is still in the Mastership, and the ties which have attached him to the district were made still stronger by his recent marriage with a daughter of Lord Valentia, a former Master of the pack. Six years ago Mr. Heywood Lonsdale came from Shropshire—where his name is as a household word in hunting circles—a comparative stranger to the Bicester country; but he is universally popular there now, and is considered one of the best M.F.H. of the moment. The Bicester started the cubbing season auspiciously, and they have plenty of foxes. Mr. George Fitzwilliam's Hounds have likewise done well during cubbing; while the Heythrop Hounds have found a splendid lot of foxes without mange. Their Master, Mr. Albert Brassey, now enters upon his thirty-third season in office. Mr. W. H. Barber, who has done very well with the South Oxfordshire Hounds in company with the capable young huntsman, Walter Keyte, starts the season with a country full of foxes, and a strong young entry.

North Country Prospects

Having thus disposed of the Midland hunting districts, we may work up north as far as Yorkshire, where fox-hunting can be enjoyed over every description of country.

Not many changes from last season are to be recorded in the county of broad acres, where, in spite of the growth of the manufacturing towns, the construction of railways in all directions, and the spread of the mining districts, the love of the chase is as keen to-day as ever it was. Only one Yorkshire M.F.H. has actually placed his name on the retired list since April last, and in this solitary case the matter of increasing years alone brought about the change. Reference is made to Mr. Arthur Wilson's retirement, after having hunted the Holderness country with the greatest success since 1878. Mr. Charles Brook, the new Master of the Holderness, is hunting the hounds himself, and there is a good show of foxes nearly all over the country. Mr. Brook has changed from the Badsworth Hounds, whose followers greatly regret his departure, but they have found a popular successor to him in Mr. H. J. Hope Barton, who since his boyhood days has been a regular supporter of the pack, which, moreover, for seven years enjoyed the Mastership of his father.

Photo b *C. F. Shaw*

The Earl of Harrington

Who enters on his twenty-third season as Master of the South Notts Hounds

Photo by] **Mr. J. P. Heywood Lonsdal:** *[Whitlock*

The popular Master of the Bicester Foxhounds, who recently married the Hon. Helen Annesley, daughter of Lord Valentia

Distinguished Yorkshire Masters

Yorkshire is rich in distinguished Masters, among whom may be mentioned the Marquis of Zetland, Viscount Galway, and Lord Middleton, who have all hunted their hounds for many seasons, and enjoy good prospects for the one now starting. Then there is Lord Fitzwilliam, who not only hunts the family pack from Wentworth Woodhouse, but maintains a pack in Ireland, contriving to see plenty of sport with each by the aid of considerable personal energy and the ubiquitous motor-car. Who shall say that the spirit which actuated Osbaldeston and the fox-hunting squires of old is dead when we have such an example of enthusiasm before us as is presented by the head of the noble house of Fitzwilliam? Among Yorkshire Masters, Mr. E. Lycett Green also holds a fine record, having been for twenty years at the head of the York and Ainsty Hunt. Mr. Green is now joined by Mr. H. E. Preston, and the Joint Masters will hunt the hounds themselves, Mr. Green taking the dog pack, and Mr. Preston the bitches. The latter gentleman is well known as one of the best judges of hounds in the country. Under the generous and sportsmanlike Mastership of Mr. Lycett Green, the York and Ainsty have shown good sport, and hopes are entertained that similarly good fortune is in store for the country for many seasons. Capping is about to be practised for the first time. Will Gray, who has been first whipper-in and kennel huntsman for many seasons, has retired, and the subscription list which is being got up for him is already filling well. The York and Ainsty young hounds are entering satisfactorily, though scent so far has not been of the best. Nevertheless, a good number of cubs have been accounted for. Equally hopeful reports come from the Hurworth, Bedale, and Bramham Moor countries, our report from the last-named telling of an abundance of good strong cubs in most places, and a good entry of young hounds.

Photo b] **Mr. F. Gibson Fry** *[Whitlock*

Master of the South Herefordshire Foxhounds

Lincolnshire Packs

The Earl of Yarborough is expecting a good season in the famous Brocklesby country, "plenty of foxes in all parts" being his report on the present position. There is a favourable outlook, too, in the Burton country; and Mr. E. P. Rawnsley

speaks hopefully of the prospects of sport in the Southwold district, where deep regret is felt at the recent death of Mrs. J. St. Vigor Fox, the wife of the Joint Master. Unlike the majority of packs, the Southwold Hounds have found scent better than for some years past during the first six weeks of their cubbing season, and have hardly had a bad morning up to the present. In Lincolnshire, the existence has to be noted of a small pack of hounds established last season by Mr. W. Ewbank at Fulstow Hall, near Louth.

New Packs and Old

This fact reminds me that several packs have been disbanded since the end of last hunting season, but the new establishments are almost numerous enough to make good the loss of the old ones. In no case, moreover, has a pack of great importance disappeared from the list of foxhounds. Perhaps the most noteworthy is that hunted in Northumberland by Mr. R. Burdon Sanderson, much of whose country has now been taken over by the Glendale pack, while the hounds are to be found in the Waterford kennels. In Scotland, Sir John Hume Campbell has given up the small private pack he hunted for a couple of seasons, in order to take over the Mastership of the Ormond Hounds in Ireland. In Kent the Hundred of Hoo Hunt has died a natural death for the want of adequate support; in Devon nobody has come forward to take Mr. H. J. Selwyn's place in the Dulverton country; on the Welsh border Mr. Nelson gives up his small pack; and in Ireland Lord Duncannon's private pack has ceased to exist. Against these abandonments I have to record the birth of a new pack in the neighbourhood of Carlisle, under the Mastership of Mr. J. J. W. Martindale; and another in Wales, under the command of Mr. David Davies. Mr. A. C. Browne is restoring his hounds to that independent state which belonged to them before being amalgamated with the Ledbury Hunt last season, an arrangement which has been ended in consequence of Mr. Forster's absence abroad. One more new pack of foxhounds has to be heralded, and this in Ireland, Mr. George Brooke having decided to devote himself in future to the fox instead of the hare.

The Fine Badminton Foxes

The Duke of Beaufort, in many respects a model Master of Foxhounds, sees "no reason why we should not have as good a season as last," and those who saw something of the succession of fine runs enjoyed in the extensive Badminton country last season will not ask for anything better. His Grace says that he has a good stock of those old wild foxes left which last season gave them good points of ten or twelve miles. In the neighbouring Vale of White Horse prospects are bright, both with Mr. Butt Miller's and Earl Bathurst's splendid packs, and in the pleasant Blackmore Vale, where Colonel Browne has succeeded Mr. John Hargreaves, all things look promising. Mr. W. F. Fuller joins the Rev. E. A. Milne in the Mastership of the Cattistock Hounds. Everywhere a good show of cubs has been found. Lord Portman complains of the decline of fox-hunting in the country over which he has had control for half a century, save two years, the partridge preserving and living being responsible for the falling-off of foxes in

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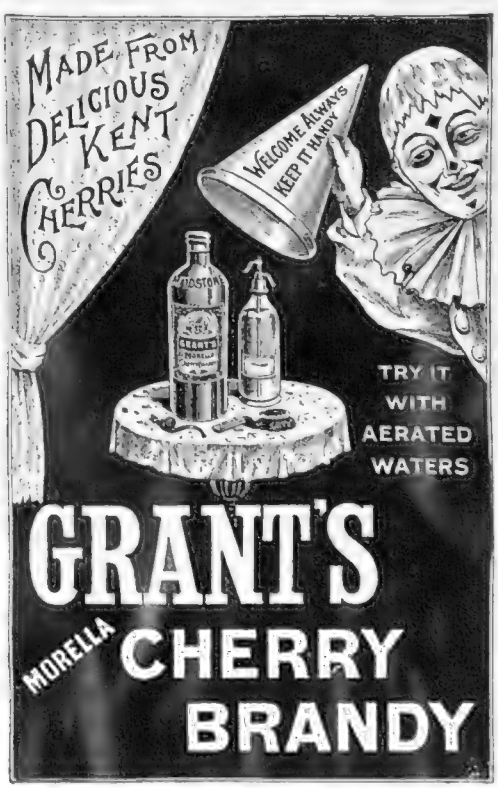

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SOCIETY'S FAD.

The Earl of Yarborough
Who has one of the finest packs of hounds in the kingdom at Brocklesby

Photo by *Elliott and Fry*
The Earl of Eglinton
Master of one of the best packs of Foxhounds in Scotland

numbers and quality. In the Tiverton, West Somerset, and other countries in the extreme south-west, prospects are favourable, and there are two new Masters, namely, Mr. H. F. Brunskill, who has taken over the Exmoor, and Mr. H. M. Fitzherbert, who is hunting the North Cornwall.

The Far North

Some parts of the far North of England are still troubled by the presence of mange in their foxes, notably the Braes of Derwent country, but with these exceptions the prospects here and on the other side of the Border are uniformly good. A fairly early harvest enabled most of the Border and Scotch packs to get quickly to cub-hunting, and hounds have had sufficient blood so far, though the dry weather has proved rather an obstacle to sport with the cubs. One of the best packs in Scotland is that hunted by the Earl of Eglinton, who expects a good season in Ayrshire. With the exception of Mr. Burdon Sanderson, whose retirement has already been alluded to, there are very few, if any, changes of Mastership to record in this part of the kingdom, and in the Lake District, where some very lengthy terms of office stand to the credit of the various Masters, they all go on as before. The appointment of the Right Hon. J. W. Lowther to be Speaker of the House of Commons has not been allowed to interfere with his Mastership of the Blencathra Hounds, which are followed on foot in their mountainous Cumberland district.

Photo by *Whitlock*
The
Mr. Albert Brassey, the Master, intends to giv[illegible] his P[illegible] [illegible] mself entirely to his pack of hounds

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Big Boy: "You should go to a decent School then. We have it at ours."

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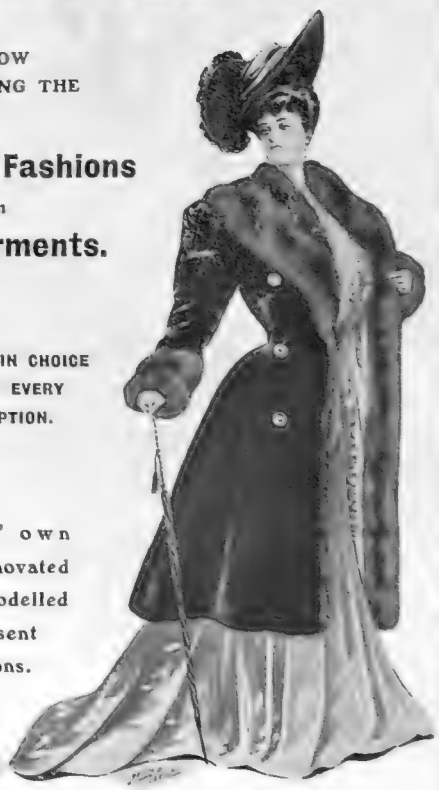

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The Eastern and Southern Counties

The Cambridgeshire and the Oakley Hounds start the season with bright prospects of sport, and not one unfavourable report has come to hand from the various packs hunting in Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex. Nor have any changes of Masterships been effected in the Eastern counties, where there is every likelihood of the season being above the average. In Kent and Surrey, too, the prospects of sport have seldom been better during the last decade, though the turning-down of foxes in some places has done much towards the abolition of the genuine wild litters. In the Old Surrey country there are still some sporting shooters left who know from experience that it is quite possible to have game as well as foxes. But it is a pity that foxes are not more generally preserved, making it unnecessary to turn down cubs, as is so often injudiciously done. In Berkshire the Craven Hounds are now under the Mastership of Mr. Peter Ormrod, who has plenty of foxes with which to start the season, though it is to be feared that wire is very much on the increase in this country. In the South Berks country Mr. Seymour Dubourg has a splendid lot of cubs and the brightest prospects, and a promising report comes from the Garth country. Last season with the Old Berkeley (West) Hounds, under Mr. Robert Leadbetter's Mastership, was one of the best ever known, and prospects are again very good; but Mr. R. B. Webber, of the O.B.H. (East), speaks rather despondently on the increase of shooting. In succession to Mr. C. B. E. Wright, Mr. W. Tyrwhitt Drake has been appointed to the Mastership of the Old Berkshire, and with a new pack of hounds and a new hunt staff, he seems likely to show a good season's sport. The Whaddon Chase will probably show their usual excellent sport in the Vale of Aylesbury; and Mr. T. Fenwick Harrison will find a good show of foxes with the Hertfordshire Hounds.

Hunting in the New Forest

A change takes place in the Mastership of the New Forest Foxhounds, Mr. H. Martin Powell succeeding Mr. H. F. Compton. Prospects are bright, as there are plenty of good wild foxes in the country, which take a lot of killing. Hunting in the New Forest is becoming more and more popular, especially so in the spring months. Many hunting men who come annually from the Shires and other countries have found that the sport possesses a peculiar charm of its own. Very good prospects and plenty of foxes are reported from the country hunted over by the Hampshire Hunt,

Photo by *Whitlock*

Earl Bathurst's fine hounds which hunt the Vale of White Horse

and the Vine, Hambledon, and Isle of Wight packs are also expecting a successful season. The East Sussex country is still greatly troubled by mange, but the Southdown and Eastbourne districts are nearly clear of this destructive disease.

On the Welsh Borders

From the majority of the Welsh hunting countries satisfactory reports come to hand, and the most interesting change has occurred in the Plas Machynlleth country, which unhappily lost its Master last season by the widely-lamented death of Lord Henry Vane-Tempest. The small pack looked like going under, but it is pleasant to know that Lord Herbert Vane-Tempest has decided to keep the hounds together. In Cheshire and on the Welsh borders, things go on in much the same way as last season. The Herefordshire packs enjoy bright prospects of sport, and whereas the northern pack has a new Master in Sir William Cooke, the members of the South Herefordshire are

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still under the leadership of Mr. F. Gibson Fry, who has proved an excellent M.F.H. In Worcestershire, Mr. G. D. Smith goes on with the Croome, and though Mr. R. Carnaby Forster has been obliged to leave England in search of health, this keen M.F.H. does not relinquish the command of the Ledbury Hounds. The Cotswold countries make no change, Mr. Charles McNeill, who has done so well during his Mastership, having been persuaded to go on with the North Cotswold. Things are the same as last year with the Shropshire and Staffordshire packs, save that Lieut.-Colonel Goulburn has succeeded Captain Whitaker in the control of the Albrighton Hounds. The Earl of Huntingdon, who has proved an admirable successor to the Duke of Sutherland, is recovering from the effects of his recent accident, and expects a good season with his fine North Staffordshire Hounds.

Photo by C. F. Shaw

Lord Annaly

Who, as Master of the Pytchley, has maintained the high reputation of the pack

Brilliant Irish Prospects

And finally, in our survey of the likelihood of sport, we come to Ireland, that magnificent hunting country whose attractions are become more fully appreciated every season by English sportsmen. From the Meath, where Mr. John Watson shows such grand sport, I hear that all the hunting residences are taken, and there are the very best prospects of a good season. Indeed, the available house and hotel accommodation is quite inadequate to the requirements of hunting with the Meath. Fields are increasing in a marked degree, a great many visitors from all parts of the world going out with these hounds every season. With the "Killing Kildares" prospects are equally promising, and also with the County Limerick, each district of whose country is well stocked with foxes. Mr. Isaac Bell is likely to show another good season's sport with the Galway Blazers, and there is, indeed, not one return from Ireland which fails to comment on the splendid prospects of sport, an exceptionally large supply of foxes being reported in most quarters. Evidently, in Ireland as well as in England, a good breeding season has been responsible for a notable supply of cubs. Save that Sir John Hume Campbell has taken over the Ormond Hounds, and that Mr. Sharman Crawfurd leaves Mr. W. Nicholson as sole Master of the United Hunt Club, there are not many changes to record in Ireland this season. Miss Edith Œ. Somerville, as keen as ever to show sport, is still found in the Mastership of the West Carbery Hounds, which are in very good case, the young entry having done well. There are plenty of foxes and no wire; moreover, the hunt is very popular among the farmers. Hunting visitors would be welcomed in the West Carbery country, where good accommodation is to be had at Skibbereen or Castle Townshead.

Photo by Whitlock

Mr. Fernie's Foxhounds, which ha[ve] a Leicestershire

Last week the pack met at Loughton Hills, and after a ru[n] i[t] [was] treated on the same day at Bosworth

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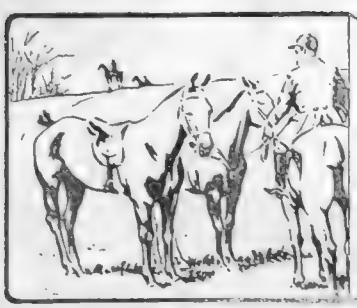

Hunting from Town

London as a Hunting Centre

Railways have changed hunting a great deal during the past half-century, but they have also developed it. And in these days of quick and universal travel, when Londoners go north to Scotland to shoot grouse, or to Norway to land a few trout or salmon, it is not surprising to find them travelling in ever-increasing numbers during the winter in search of sport with horse and hound, particularly as "hunt specials" are run from most of the London termini when occasion requires, and the various companies vie with each other in granting facilities for the quick and convenient transit at reasonable rates of the hunting man and his horse. It goes without saying that no one would select London as a hunting centre if he had a wider choice. The Metropolitan sportsman has to rise early, and generally to be content with a very late dinner on his arrival home at night. Long and frequent journeyings on rail are by no means conducive to the good health and condition of his horses. There are risks of accident in boxing and unboxing hunters, especially in the case of a sudden frost, and many other drawbacks inseparable from hunting from Town. But sportsmen who make London their hunting centre, not from choice, but through force of circumstance, have some compensations. They have a decided pull when all hunting is stopped by frost, and if they are so minded, and the question of cost does not stand in the way, what a variety of sport they can see, and what a variety of country they can gallop over between November 1 and March 31.

Sport in East Anglia

An occasional day with either of the Essex packs is an experience—we might say an education—the Londoner who is a genuine fox-hunter is not likely to miss. He will be on holding plough most of the time, and often the sport is best when the soil is softest. But

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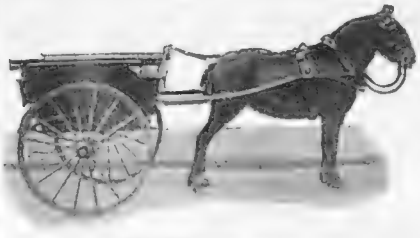

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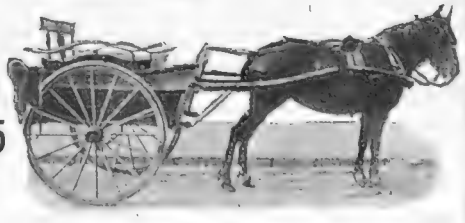

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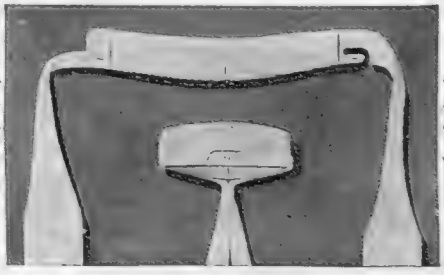

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W. E. S

Hunting from Town

Sir Richard Sutton once declared that the Roothings of Essex were "the best plough land in England," and there are not many who would care to controvert the statement. In some parts of Essex much land has gone out of cultivation of late years, and here one gets more grass to ride over than formerly. At all events, one sees the real science of fox-hunting in Essex, and we are glad to hear that the prospects of sport in East Anglian countries are almost generally encouraging this autumn, though here and there it is said that "the pheasants crow a little too loudly for bold Reynard's comfort." The Puckeridge have lost a good huntsman in Jim Cockayne, who has gone to the North Warwickshire, but Short, first whipper-in to the Essex Foxhounds for a number of years, has crossed the border to fill the vacancy, and is sure to make a good substitute with the experience he has gained from James Bailey.

The Garth and Surrey Union

Many London sportsmen hunt with the West Kent, some with the Old Surrey, and a few go as far as the Crawley and Horsham, though their horses are, as a rule, stationed at convenient quarters in the country. On the West, the Berks and Bucks Farmers' Staghounds serve to keep alive memories of the Royal Buckhounds, and continue to bring down large numbers of hunting men from Paddington whenever they are at a convenient fixture; but in the South the number of packs which hunt the carted deer has been reduced by the disbandment of the West Surrey Staghounds, due principally to the encroachments of architect and builder during the past few years. For fox-hunting

Photo by *F. Mills*

The Surrey Union Foxhounds

One of the most sporting packs in the home counties, and easy of access for London huntsmen. The season's prospects are favourable

North and North-West

On the G.N.R. the Londoner has the chance of reaching some of the best meets in the greatly-varying Hertfordshire country, of getting an odd day with the Cambridgeshire, who know how to account for their foxes, or of going straight up to Huntingdon and seeing the famous Fitzwilliam Hounds in a part of their district where, as a rule, foxes are soon found, and, when pushed out of covert, have a long way to travel before they come to a second stronghold. Then, many of the Oakley meets, in a good stiff sporting country, are accessible from Town, together, of course, with those of the Old Berkeley, East and West; whilst the Metropolitan sportsman who possesses a well-bred horse that can gallop and jump water has a veritable paradise in the Vale of Aylesbury, whose scent-carrying pastures carry an excellent scent for the Whaddon Chase Foxhounds and Lord Rothschild's Staghounds. And is not that fine grass country, the Bicester and Warden Hill, within a two hours' run of London? The late Colonel Anstruther Thomson liked the Bicester country better than any he ever hunted, and had the best sport there that he ever enjoyed.

to the west and south-west of London, the Garth and Surrey Union are convenient—both countries somewhat rough in places, but both thoroughly sporting. The Garth cannot be termed a good scenting country on the whole, and the forest in the Wellington College district is not very popular, and the wild heather land around Weybridge and Woking not very safe riding. Still, there is plenty of good going in the Binfield and Warfield district which carries a better scent. Prince Christian is one of the regular followers of the Garth Hounds, which take their name from the grand old sportsman who hunted them for half a century. The Surrey Union hunt over a tract of grass and plough about equally proportioned, and show really good sport. Pleasing it is to be able to record that a favourable account of the outlook for the coming season's sport is to hand from this and the other countries we have mentioned; and enough, we think, has been said to show that hunting from Town may still be regarded as a pleasurable and profitable pastime by the sportsman who is condemned to spend most of his days in London.

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W. & J. BURROW,

THE SPRINGS, MALVERN.

Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows

By Mrs. JACK MAY

Paris Proposes

Some nine months ago I ventured to hint the growing prevalence of a waist-line, and to point out the tendency there was to push the figure distinctly higher, with the result that I brought about my ears a very storm of abuse.

For I had positively dared to disarrange the well-laid plans of certain big mercantile men, who had gambled—as is the gentle way of the male—with huge consignments of the corset of yesteryear, which practically ignored the presence of a waist-line further than just above the back of the hips. Well! I wish my attackers no worse fate than to visit Paris, and observe the general trend of the form divine affected there now. No matter what we say or what we may think, a change of contour has come about. Paris has proposed, and it will take a good deal more than our mercantile world is capable of to depose her edict.

The Latest Poise of the Picture Hat

The Milliners' Mecca

The new figure and the veil-shrouded hat are the two prominent notes of the French capital, and, needless to say, both are quite assertively pronounced. Grey, and a peculiarly soft shade of cinnamon, that is so becoming, are the two favoured colours for veils, and there is apparently no limit to their length and all-pervading presence. Then, have you remarked the prevalence of big tortoise-shell buckles on the millinery of latest pretensions? But to the best of my knowledge there is only one milliner in Town who has perceived the telling possibilities of the Italian "Bambin," the felt hat worn by the Italian peasant children. Of course, to Paris is due the earliest recognition of its claims, and it is safe to remain in the exclusive hands of the elect, for only they are capable of manœuvring it into the requisite *chic* presentment of pleats and folds, and applying with irreproachable taste the extraordinary feather mounts, that the humane may well rest assured were never filched whole from any ornithological specimen. They are quite unorthodox, and wholly millinerial and beautiful, and are running ostrich feathers a close race in popularity.

Though anything more exquisite in point of colouring and quality than the latter-day ostrich feathers there has never been. But, given a soft, silk beaver shape, a tortoise-shell buckle, and two ostrich feathers, any gifted millinery mind is capable of creating a *chapeau* of convincing autumn character.

"A Hunting We Would Go"

The Dianas of the chase are all agog with excitement over their riding kit for the field, and as several radical changes have already come about, and more are coming, I called the other day on that great authority, Messrs. Tautz and Sons, 485, Oxford Street, for verification of the various rumours. Additionally to being always perfectly *au fait* with the demands of the elect, as who should know better, indeed, with such a *clientèle*, Messrs. Tautz hold the power of pioneering. Thus, following on the wake of the demand for the revival of the close-fitting coat, they have evolved a model boasting just that little difference which means so much. Turn, however, to the departure pictorially told on page 102, and note the smart cut-away line of the basque in front, and the reappearance of the white piqué vest, which initially discloses its simulated presence at the throat. Effected, as was the particular model illustrated, in a dull blue, rough-surfaced cloth, this style is not only peculiarly happy, but a most refreshing change, and we may safely premise that, under Messrs. Tautz's safe direction, the fitted coat has come to stay, for a space at least.

It is worthy of note, also, that checks and stripes are of best repute here, both of a duly invisible character, yet sufficing to dispel the dread level monotony of the ubiquitous pepper-and-salt Melton,

FUR STOLES, TIES, BOAS, &c.

New Reversible **Fox Boas** in several shades of Grey and White, Black and White, and Pointed and White, 2¼ yards long, **£6 10s.** and **£7 10s.** **Muffs** to match, **£6.**

Russian Marten Ties, 2 Skins, **84s., 95s., 105s.,** **Russian Marten Stoles,** 4 Skins, from **£9** to **£13 10s.** **Muffs** from **£5 10s.** to **£9 10s.**

Fine Quality **Ties and Stoles,** in White, Black, Smoked and Pointed Fox, from **35s. 6d.** **Muffs, 47s. 6d. to 110s.**

A large selection of handsome **Russian Sable Stoles and Boas** in latest styles.

The "ISOBEL." A Smart Short **Coat,** made in Natural Blue Musquash. Special Price, **5½ Guineas.**

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VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET, W.

The "AUTO" Motor Coat, in Russian Pony, lined Squirrel, **19 Guineas.**

FEATHER STOLES AND BOAS.

Rich **Marabout Boas** in Black, Natural, Navy, and Siberian, 2¼ yards long, **15s. 6d.** **Ruffles** in same colours at **9s. 6d.**

Handsome Shaded **Ostrich Stoles,** 2¾ yards long, 4 Strands, **58s. 6d., 95s.**

New Shaded Marabout Stoles, 2¼ yards long, 4 Strands, in Black, Natural, and Mordoré, at **29s. 6d.** **Mole and Chinchilla, 31s. 6d.;** 2¾ yards long, 7 Strands wide, **45s.** and **55s.**
Muffs to match, **19.. 6d.**

Full and rich quality **Ostrich Boas,** in all shades, 2¼ yards and 2¾ yards long, from **36s. 6d.**

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SMART SPORTS JERSEY, in all Wool, perfect fitting. In White, Navy, and Red.

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INVENTORS AND MAKERS—

COOPER, DENNISON & WALKDEN, Ltd.,

ST. BRIDE STREET, LONDON.

A ·test Mode of Riding Habit. (Sketched at Messrs. Tautz & Sons, Oxford Street)

A revival has taken place in the close-fitting coat and the white piqué strip of vest

while in colouring, brown makes a big bid for a favour it will most assuredly attain.

The patent skirt habit here is too well known to need further commendation. This has been tested and proved as in no wise wanting by sportswomen of the best repute. The hang is the most perfect thing imaginable, and yet is absolutely free of the pommel. There is another skirt, however, that merely requires to be known to be sought after in every direction, for it is certainly the very cleverest combination affair ever brought out. Primarily, the aspect is that of a practical short skirt, suitable to shooting, golfing, or cross-country wear generally, while, by an ingenious division up the back, quite invisible when not in use, and a folding ba· k of the front, together with a strap adjustment round the leg, a perfect stride habit skirt is developed. To Colonial women, this model will prove a real boon, for it meets in the most perfect fashion a demand that has been a crying want for years. Also, if polo ever becomes a serious pursuit with fair femininity, we ·ll haply be saved a repetition of the deplorab spectacles of last year at Hurlingham by t' red adjustable skirt of Messrs. Tautz.

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IN GREAT VARIETY.

The NEW GAIETY.

Smart and Useful Woollen Serge Coat, suitable for Theatre wear, in every colour, faced with Cream Cloth and Silk Braid, sleeves and body lined.

PRICE **52/6**

NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES OF MANTLES, FURS, COSTUMES, BLOUSES, &c., GRATIS ON APPLICATION.

A Woman's Note Book

The Craze for "Cures"

The summer season is the time when we expect a gradual, but inevitable breakdown; subsequently, we must be patched up somehow, and now is the time of the "cure." There is something entertaining and something exasperating and something altogether ludicrous about the way people take these "cures," either at the English or Continental health-resorts. They walk into the danger recklessly, and then, tired out, physically and mentally, they flock to drink the waters, take the baths, adhere to the prescribed diet, and generally regulate their lives according to their physician's advice, with the same enthusiasm and whole-heartedness which they formerly displayed in defiantly disregarding the laws of health—which they will, of course, again display as soon as the "cure" is completed. It may, indeed, be surmised that many are willing to undergo a temporary starvation—or what seems to them starvation—simply to enable them to live the longer, that they may eat too much nearly all the year round. This, of course, is largely, indeed mainly, their own concern; but there are ways in which the sufferers become more or less of a nuisance to their fellow-creatures; and those healthy persons who do not know the meaning of nerves and digestions might reasonably complain, except that they have an alternative—that of keeping out of the way.

Places the Healthy Should Shun

For with "cures" there is one advantage: you *do* know where you have them, and you may, therefore, avoid their company as you would that of the inmates of a plague-stricken house. But were any of my readers, I wonder, ever landed by mistake in one of these centres? If you find yourself in a charming, innocent-looking place, with lovely country, delightful air, charming views, *everything* that is desirable, pause: inquire if there is a bath, or a spring, or a health-giving or a health-*restoring* property of any sort round about you; and if so, never hesitate—pack up your goods and flee. Many things may be, and are, interesting; countless hobbies engross their devotees, to the exclusion of all else; but nothing is so absorbing, so incessantly delightful, so minutely thought out, as the pursuit of health by a certain class of people, who will neglect and sacrifice every other idea in their quest. Consequently, no spot on earth is so depressing as those where these creatures are suffering from temporary lunacy—has not mania of all sorts been acknowledged to be a disease of the brain?—and the man or woman who haunts one's footsteps in order to talk of his and her symptoms is certainly mad on that point if on nothing else.

Symptoms as a Social Asset

But the lunatics are undoubtedly generous. Of course, each patient is his or her own special charge; the *first* consideration; but disease and "cure" in any form and every person is welcomed, discussed, sympathised with. This makes it all the worse for outsiders, and the hydros or hotels which are visited by these beings get to have a "tone" of their own, a topic, an interest, a point of view in which the initiated alone can share, and in which the high-spirited, healthy person is not even allowed to be partner if he would. How true is the old proverb that birds of a feather flock together—why, only a pain in two little fingers (belonging to separate persons, of course) may unite their owners in a bond of friendship.

Man's Genius for Malady

It is generally supposed that hysteria in all its forms is a feminine complaint, and this is true to a certain extent: that is to say, *fewer* men suffer from it, partly, no doubt, because they are stronger, but chiefly because they have more to do. But where men *are* hysterical, we are nothing to them; they put us in the shade; they are geniuses. Thus a man who is earnestly and solemnly taking a cure is fifty times more nuisance over it than a woman.

LADY PHYLLIS.

The Menu: A FEW BREAKFAST DISHES

Kidney Fritters
Scrambled Eggs and Tomatoes
Mushroom Cutlets Haddock Canapés

KIDNEY FRITTERS

Make a breakfast-cupful of nice frying batter, and stir in a tablespoonful of finely minced onion, a teaspoonful of mixed herbs, and a small pinch of cayenne. Take half a dozen sheep's kidneys, remove the skin, and cut each one into three or four slices; season these with a little salt, dip them into the batter (which ought to be thick enough to stick to the meat), and fry in boiling fat till sufficiently cooked, and coloured a nice brown; drain well, and serve, piled up with a little parsley powdered over the top, and a few sprigs of parsley, as a garnish, round.

SCRAMBLED EGGS AND TOMATOES

Free from pips a large tomato, mince finely with two slices of Spanish onion, add a good lump of butter, pepper and salt to taste, stir it in a stewpan on the fire till the onion is quite cooked but not coloured; then throw in four eggs, beaten up, and keep on stirring the whole till the eggs are nearly set. Serve at once on squares of hot buttered toast.

MUSHROOM CUTLETS

Remove the peel and stalks from a dozen good-sized mushrooms, wash and chop them fine, mix with them sufficient good sauce to bind them together, add a little chopped parsley, salt and pepper, the yolks of two raw eggs, and place on the stove in a saucepan to come to boiling-point without actually boiling; turn the mixture on to a plate to cool. When wanted, divide this into six or eight equal portions, add a little flour, and form them into cutlets, then eggs and breadcrumb and fry in hot fat.

HADDOCK CANAPÉS

Take the flesh of one small or half a large haddock, free from bones, and pound it in a mortar with 1 oz. of butter. When fine, rub it through a coarse sieve, and stir it over the fire, with a little cream and a pinch of white pepper, till quite hot, then pour it on some neat pieces of hot buttered toast, and serve quickly.

EMILIA.

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Perfect Fitting. Made in our

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Tottenham House, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.

'VIYELLA'

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THE IDEAL MATERIAL FOR

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and for all Athletic purposes.

DAY AND NIGHT WEAR.

'C. B. FRY'S MAGAZINE" says:

"That VIYELLA washes well "is beyond dispute. I have sub- "jected it to several searching "tests, and it has always emerged "triumphant."

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FOR GENTLEMEN.

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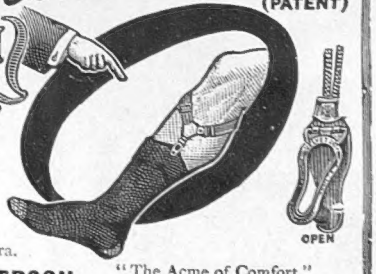
BOSTON GARTER



In Blue, Pink, Cardinal, Black and White.

Cotton (plain) 1s. pair.
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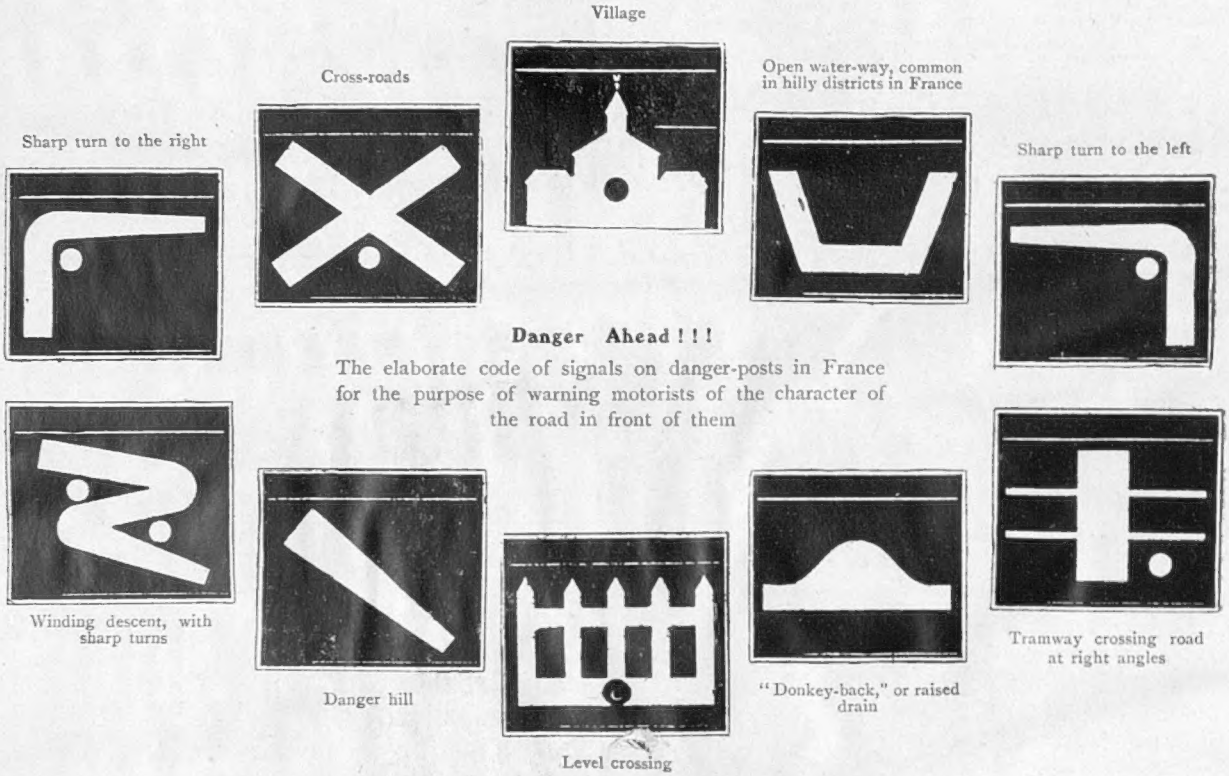
"The Height of Perfection."

L. & R. WOODERSON
(Under the Tree), 122/4, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

Danger Posts

As all who travel the country know, the little red triangle signs that denote danger and compel speed-slackening are on the increase. At a recent meeting of the Standing Joint Committee of the Huntingdonshire County Council, the Chief Constable stated that the erection of danger-posts had, to an appreciable extent, checked reckless driving. Motorists do observe such road warnings, and they will continue to do so as long as they are only put up where needed. It is to be hoped that these triangle warnings will not be put up unless the particular piece of road is really difficult. If the authorities cry danger when there is no danger, the red triangles will lose their power. Practically speaking, we have only one sign—this red triangle—indicating caution. Whether it is a dangerous corner, cross-roads, or a precipitous place, the sign is the same.



Danger Ahead!!!

The elaborate code of signals on danger-posts in France for the purpose of warning motorists of the character of the road in front of them

Why Not Copy France?

In France, on the other hand, they have different signs indicative of various dangers. It can be seen from the accompanying illustrations that they are pictorially expressive. Black on white, these road signals are visible a long way off. Always placed so as to catch the driver's eye, they tell him exactly what awaits him. If the road authorities will not move in the matter, perhaps the Automobile Club will do something. These signals should be placed well away from the danger-point, so as to allow the driver to slow up without applying the brakes. There are not many donkey-backs in England, but those that do exist are all the more unexpected. Tonneau passengers, who have been suddenly thrown into the air through the car passing over one of these raised drains, appreciate the necessity for indicating their existence.

The Speed Limit is an Absurdity

At the same meeting of the Huntingdon County Council, the Earl of Sandwich expressed views as sensible as they are rare. As Chairman of the Standing Joint Committee, he deliberately stated that, while he thought no car should go through a village at more than ten miles an hour, or past houses at more than fifteen miles an hour, yet a speed limit was an absurdity. He gave notice, too, of a resolution that is to be proposed at the next meeting: *That in any new legislation the speed limit should be withdrawn.* Would it were possible to persuade the Royal Commissioners to take the same views. Knowledge and experience of the motor will one day compel the abolition of the

STATE EXPRESS CIGARETTES.

These delicious high-class Cigarettes are totally different to any others obtainable. They are distinguished from other Cigarettes by being HAND-MADE of the very best and finest old matured Virginia Tobacco. All tobacco-dust and other matters injurious to throat and lungs are removed. The ingredients of State Express Cigarettes are well known to MEDICAL MEN, and are approved by them.

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speed limit. But many hundreds of pounds will, I fear, be paid by harmless motorist in fines before that welcome day arrives.

Wanted a Race for Touring Cars

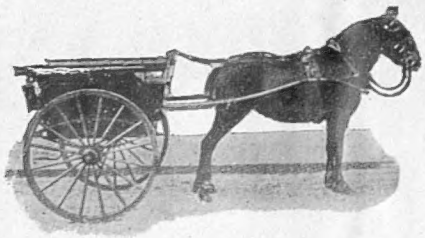
While entries for the next Tourist Trophy Race are invited, the rules and regulations that are to govern the contest have not yet been published. A fortnight ago I suggested in these columns that the race should be one for absolutely genuine touring models. Short of this, whatever regulations the Club may make, the difficulty of preventing freaks will still exist. In order to win, certain makers will sure to be enterprising enough to build special cars. To save petrol, gear-boxes with an abnormal number of speeds will occur. Very slow-running engines, with two or possibly even one big cylinder, proving the best from the point of view of fuel economy, may be fitted. Should a freak car win, the makers can then say that though they will, of course, supply an identical car to the one that won, yet, for public use, they recommend, and have in preparation, a modified design. All trouble, all scheming, would be avoided if my simple suggestion could be adopted.

Genuine Touring Cars only Admitted

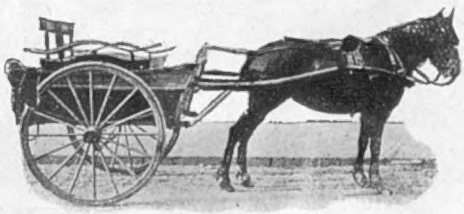
Piece for piece, bolt for bolt, the cars ought to be absolutely stock patterns. I am not sure that a modified petrol consumption test would not also be a good thing. Why not supply all cars with as much petrol as they choose to use, but publishing exactly how much each did use? This would ensure them all finishing. The prize might not actually go to the first car, but the public would see exactly what each car could do. There might be three classes, or even four — under two hundred pounds, between two hundred and five hundred pounds, between five hundred and a thousand pounds, and over a thousand pounds—all the cars running, if possible, together, or anyhow on the same day, and the result would be really most interesting. Knowing absolutely for certain that the competing cars were actually stock patterns, the buyer could see at a glance how much petrol each had used, how many tyres, and the exact pace each went, and the exact figure that the maker charged for any particular car. It might well be that a man would prefer A's car at £350 to B's at £450, even if A's car did use a shade more petrol. Petrol consumption, while important, is not everything; purchase price, quietness, cost of tyre renewals, etc., have to be considered. Talking of tyres, each competing car should be compelled to run on the exact type of tyre that the makers supply with their stock patterns. No racing on thick, heavy tyres and then supplying a customer with light, cheaper ones. First cost is quite as important to a purchaser as petrol consumption. It may well be that a system of marks should be given for these three qualities: (1) mileage on a gallon; (2) actual selling price; (3) the average mileage per hour, *i.e.*, the speed of the car. The number of tyre renewals, if any, should be noticed. By no means do I say that these last suggestions are right as they stand, but what I do feel sure about is, that a race for genuine bonâ-fide stock-pattern touring cars is what the public wants.

ALFRED C. HUNTER.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO WIN THIS CHARMING PONY CAR OR THIS SMART LUGGAGE FLOAT?



Governess Car, value 16 guineas
Fitted with rubber tyres, and built by Messrs. J. B. Huxley and Co., Whitchurch, Salop.



Luggage Float, value 16 guineas
Fitted with rubber tyres, and built by Messrs. J. B. Huxley and Co., Whitchurch, Salop.

What You Have to Do to Win Them

We want to induce our readers to take pictures of meets, hunting scenes, or persons of interest in the hunting field. We don't want elaborate photographs, and we prefer silver prints. Any size photograph will do, but, if taken with a small lens, any print sent in must be sharp enough to enable it to be enlarged.

How to Send in Photographs

Just address them to "The Art Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, London, E.C.," and in the left-hand *top* corner write "Hunt Competition." With the photographs themselves do not enclose a letter, but simply *pencil on the back of the photograph or photographs* the following simple statements:—

(a) What hunt or other particulars describing photo;
(b) Where taken and when;
(c) Name and address of sender.

No Limit

There is no limit to the number of photographs which may be sent in by any competitor, but it must be understood that the Editor will be guided in his selection of winning photographs, not only by their artistic value, but also by their interest to hunting people generally. Photographs for the ensuing week will be decided on every Friday, and photographs too late for one week will be available for the following week.

Prizes—Pony Car or Luggage Float

One hundred photographs will, at the very least, be selected from the photographs submitted, and of these each week the photograph which, in the Editor's opinion, is the best sent in for each week, ending on every Friday, will be awarded One Guinea. The others published will be paid for at the rate of 5*s.* each. At the end of six weeks, the competitor who has been successful in having had the most photographs accepted will be awarded, in addition, the pony carriage or the luggage float, according to his choice, illustrations of which appear above.

It must also be understood that no photographs can be returned unless a stamped envelope is enclosed for that purpose, and even then no responsibility will be assumed.